Alexander Ginzburg Talks About Exile • Carter Gears Up for 1980
Michael Wood on Waugh at War • Eliot Marshall on Failing Health

RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE CCLL
BEREA, OH 44017

THE NEW REPUBLIC

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

May 12, 1979 Price One Dollar

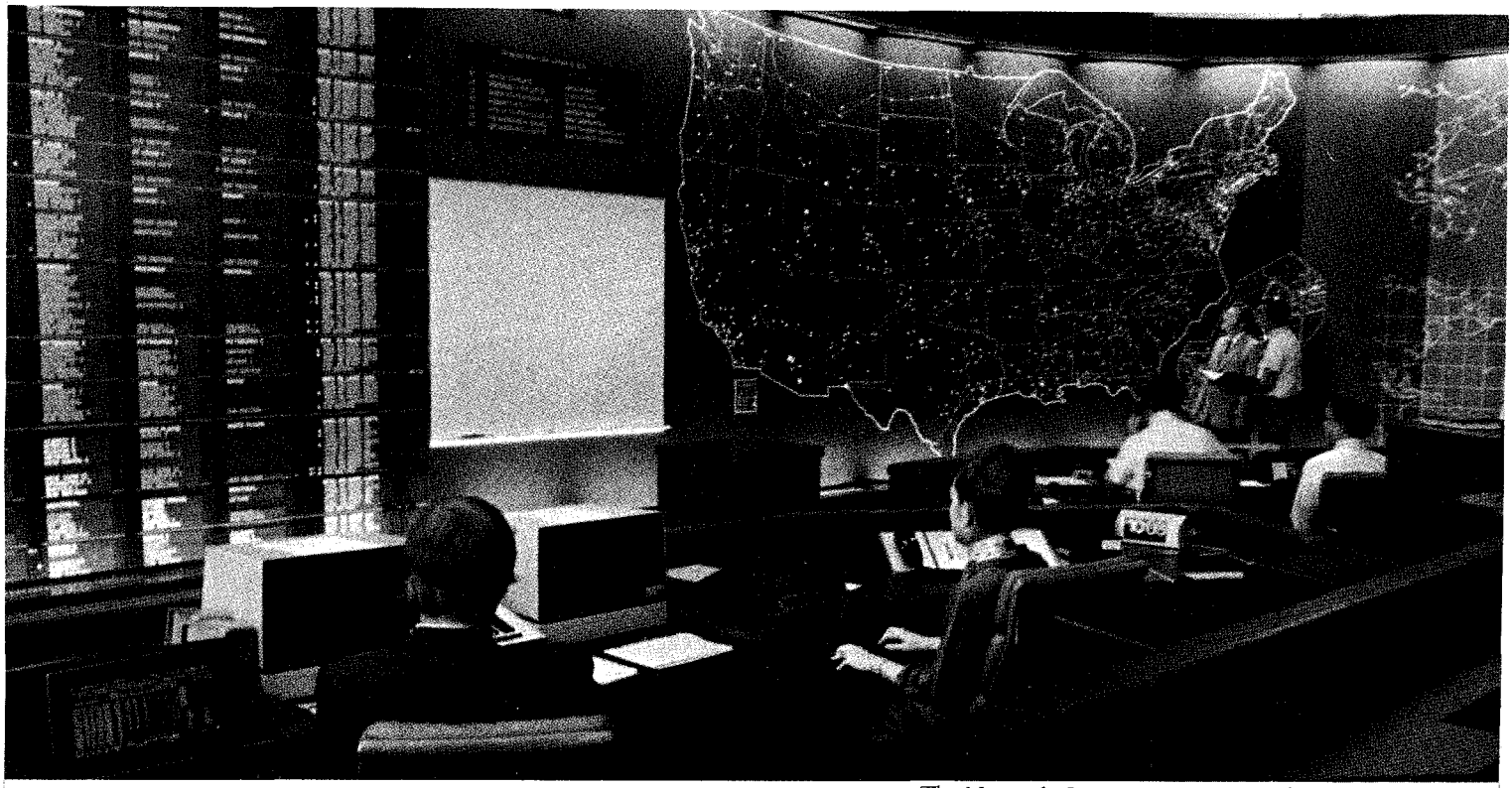
hry George Revival • First Amendment Hogs

Irish Fables by American Politicians

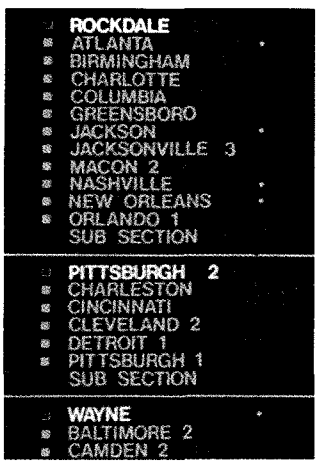
Patrick Brogan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW THE BELL SYSTEM OVERSEES 40 MILLION LONG DISTANCE CALLS A DAY. ON AN EASY DAY.



The Network Operations Center, Bedminster, New Jersey.



Part of the network status board, where NOC personnel watch for possible jam-ups.

You are looking at the Bell System's Network Operations Center. Here, our technology and people work 24 hours a day to help your long distance calls go through quickly, effortlessly.

When you make a long distance call, it has several different routes it can take, automatically.

But sometimes traffic gets particularly heavy. We can get a bottleneck.

That's when the people of the Network Operations Center move in. Using the most advanced Bell System computer technology, they re-route the traffic to get your call through.

In round numbers, the Network Operations Center helps manage nearly 40 million calls, on a normal day. At busy times on busy days, the volume surges even higher.

So come Christmas or Mother's Day, hurricane or high water, virtually every long distance call you make goes through quickly and easily.

Thanks to all the people of the Bell System.

No matter when you make your long distance call, the NOC stands ready to help it get through without a hitch.

Bell System

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
May 12, 1979

Clock Watching

John Witherspoon (Princeton, 1794) looks fixedly the other way. He stands in the little triangle where 18th Street splits off from Connecticut Avenue. Through Washington's tender green oak leaves you can just see the Environmental Fund's global population clock on the third floor of the building behind. John Witherspoon can't turn around to look because he is bronze, but a lot of other people glance up rather covertly to see how the population explosion is coming. I had a meeting here with a friend the other day and said I would be back after another 172 persons. He said that wouldn't be time enough—give him 10,300. An hour? Very well, I said.

There are 10 digits on the clock, which looks like an extended automobile odometer. It registered 4,437,784,727 when I glanced at it but the final digit was racing around like mad, imparting a nervousness to the next number and on, I suppose, till its dim impulse finally reached the numeral "4" over in the billions column. Under the clock it says, "Every minute another 172 people." There are 1440 minutes in a day, so you can fill the unforgiving minute with 172 people you will end up with a new Jersey City this time tomorrow. It's an awesome thought, the world hatching a Jersey City every 24 hours. At that rate it comes to around 90 million more people a year, which equals the population of a new United Kingdom, East Germany, Sweden and Belgium combined.

Under the clock Albert Lloyd sold me an apple from a pavement fruit stand. Sixty years ago, after the stock market crash, unemployed men sold apples on the streets for a nickel. The world population was then under two billion. Prices have gone up even faster than the population, and demographers begin to speculate that the two are connected. My apple cost 35 cents. Mr. Lloyd says he rarely looks at the clock. During our transaction the world gained 344 people.

In a message to Congress May 23, 1977, President Carter announced that he was ordering a study of the environment and said that "rapid population growth is a major environmental problem of world dimensions." The earth's population, he said, had jumped from three to four billion in the last 15 years, "substantially canceling out expansion in world food production and economic growth of the same period." The president's report will come out early this fall.

The population explosion plays tricks on nations. Egypt built the great Aswan Dam to irrigate enough farmland to feed an additional four million. By the time it was finished population had increased by 10 million.

Lester Brown of Worldwatch Institute has issued a handy pamphlet on world population (two dollars) noting the solemn fact that it isn't just petroleum that is giving out. As population increases, the earth's four basic biological systems—fisheries, forests, grasslands and croplands—are all getting a tired look. Look over the limitless ocean: the fish below are the very symbol of abundance and infinity. As people increased after World War II so did the fish catch. In 1970 when human population reached 3.6 billion, fish population began to slow down. Investment in fishing fleets and fish farming expanded markedly but the annual catch remained around 70 million metric tons. Since 1970, with more people and the same fish, the supply per person has fallen off 13 percent.

Take a second life-support system: grasslands. Mutton, wool, beef production are faltering like fish. The fish catch peaked in 1970. The per capita production of mutton peaked in 1972; there's been a seven percent decline worldwide since then. Wool? It peaked in 1959. Beef production is still expanding but there are signs of overgrazing in many areas.

Not to bore you with figures, consider that the world's forests are shrinking with an estimated area the size of Cuba lost each year. Production per capita has fallen nine percent from the mid-1960s.

Finally, cropland—the single most important product for a biological system. Since 1971 cereal production per person has leveled off. True, more land is under cultivation. But the number of hungry people has grown faster. In 1950 through 1975 the cropped area per person shrank 24 percent.

What does it mean? It means, I guess, that mankind faces two unique disciplines on this increasingly complicated small planet: to control nuclear power and to control equally destructive overpopulation. Most of us sigh, "That's a tough problem for our children!" But according to Lester Brown, and to studies by the UN, and presumably to studies by President Carter's environmental group, it isn't a future problem: it's now. It is later than you think.

Back in 1972 the prestigious Club of Rome said in *The Limits of Growth*, "The most probable result will be a rather sudden and uncontrollable decline in both population and industrial capacity." Cheerful little studies these days predict "ecodisaster." Here's a book by Charles Lindblom, *Politics and Markets*: "Relentlessly accumulating evidence suggests that human life on the planet is headed for catastrophe." I don't believe it; I think it is possible to nudge by disaster, and Lester Brown is reassuringly cool. But first we have to agree on the problem. A lot of nations seem to have done this: Austria, Belgium, East and West Germany, Sweden, the United Kingdom, now all have essentially stable populations. China grimly tells its quarter of the human race: "It's either fewer people or less food." But the violent African increase continues. Mexico will exceed the entire present population of the world in 100 years at its present rate. The US is down to a modest natural increase of 0.6 percent but lacks the will to stop half a million or a million illegals annually from Mexico. The population clock twinkles on.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE · of INDIANA · INSURANCE COMPANY

Serving America's Union Families

Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INS. CO.

a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 144 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:
Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board
P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Clock Watching
Comment	5	Japan Is No Island
John Osborne	6	White House Watch: On the Run
	7	Correspondence
Stephen Chapman	11	After the Flood
Michael Kinsley	12	Journalists' Privilege
Adrian Karatnycky	14	Ginzburg in Exile
Patrick Brogan	17	A Portrait of the Irish as a Tough Nut
David Hapgood	21	Progress and Poverty Continued
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Theater: Rights to Life
William Youngren	25	Classical Records
Michael Wood	28	*Men at Arms* *Officers and Gentlemen* *The End of the Battle* by Evelyn Waugh
Edward N. Luttwak	31	*The Third World War* by General Sir John Hackett and other
Eleanor Wilner	32	Poem: "Laurels"
George Kateb	33	*Martin Heidegger* by George Steiner
Eliot Marshall	35	*Forgive and Remember* by Charles L. Bosk *Future Issues in Health Care* by David Mechanic
Ann Hulbert	37	*Only Children* by Alison Lurie
Melville J. Ulmer	38	*The Ideal Worlds of Economics* by Benjamin Ward
Poland Diarist	42	Oświecim

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 180, No. 19, Issue 3357, May 12, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.

Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. **Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

Cover: UPI News photo. "With the hills of Donegal as a backdrop Mr. Tip O'Neill who flew by helicopter, poses with all his Irish cousins at the place where his grandmother once lived. He also paused at the cottage which is now just a pile of stones. Picture taken at Bunerana County Conegal." Article on page 17.

Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Literary Assistant—*Ann Hulbert*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Production Assistant—*Lisa Derman*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*
Rights and Permissions—*Dara Buckner*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna Melson Arthur*
Bookkeeper—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Director of Advertising—*Bonnie Perkel, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
Advertising Coordinator—*Elizabeth McGee*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*Robert Howard*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 12, 1979

Japan Is No Island

f there's a problem around, a demagogue is sure to turn p to exploit it. The problem is Japan's huge trade urplus with the United States. The demagogue is ormer treasury secretary John B. Connally. Scarcely oncealing his racism, this would-be president of the Jnited States declared April 27 in a speech in acksonville, Florida, that although he is an inter- ationalist and a free trader and all that, "It's time we aid to Japan: 'If we can't come into your markets with qual openness and fairness as you come into ours, you ad better be prepared to sit on the docks of Yokahama ı your little Datsuns and your little Toyotas while you :are at your own little TV sets because we have taken ll we are going to take." Connally's pitch went over big 'ith the audience in orange juice country, for Japanese uotas on citrus products have been a particular item of ontention in US-Japan trade talks. It probably will go ver well, too, in other early primary states such as exas, where people are angry about computer ompetition and Japanese beef quotas; North Carolina, hose tobacco gets marked up exorbitantly in Japanese ores; and New Hampshire, which always worries out the loss of US jobs to foreigners. There are signs Congress, too, that waving fists at the Japanese is en as a good way to win votes. Protectionist fever has oduced new proposals to slap surcharges on Japanese nports.

We see no good coming from any of this. Americans ave kept on buying Japanese products in spite of a 40 ercent upward revaluation of the yen, so a fifteen per- nt surcharge (the usually mentioned figure) will have tle economic effect except to add to US inflation. At ıe same time, it will be seen as a hostile move by Japan ıd may retard the increasing trend toward political and strategic cooperation between countries. Politicians who blame Japan for America's economic woes are not facing up (and they encourage US companies and the public not to face up) to our own faults: our sagging productivity rate, our traditional inattention to export markets, our failure to control inflation, our inability to reduce oil imports, our unwillingness to save and invest. We should face the reality that Americans buy Japanese cars and TV sets because they are better than our own. In product after product, they keep getting more compact, fuel-efficient, high-speed and attractive. A wise politician would tell America that it has to learn to be competitive again, instead of ranting against foreigners who are shellacking us Yankees in trade.

Still, the United States has legitimate complaints against Japan, which we hope President Carter impressed on Prime Minister Ohira during their talks in Washington last week. Japan's gross national product last year apparently surpassed that of the Soviet Union, making Japan the second biggest economic power in the world. Japan has an interest in the stability of the world economic and political system, from which it richly benefits, and yet by any calculus of burden-sharing, Japan has not been doing its part. Japan thrives under the US defense umbrella, nuclear and conventional, but contributes minimally. Japan pays about one-third of what it costs the US to station more than 40,000 troops on Japanese territory. Japan's own defense expenditures amount to 1.4 percent of the GNP, as against six percent in the United State and three or four percent among the other NATO allies.

It is true that Japan's constitution (which we wrote) prohibits offensive armament. It's also true that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japanese defense contributions have been rising, along with weapons purchases in the United States and sharing of the cost of US forces. And the US is not interested in having Japan remilitarize or develop nuclear weapons. We want Japan's military to be closely coordinated with our own, as it is increasingly becoming. But there is more that Japan can and ought to do—if not in military outlays, then in foreign aid and expenditures of political capital. Its record, so far, has been disappointing. Japan has been neither generous nor willing to take risks to support the international system on which it depends.

Japan is the richest country in Asia, and there is plenty of work for it to do there. It could begin by helping with the Indochina refugee crisis. Malaysia and Thailand cannot afford to feed and house the flood of escapees and outcasts from Cambodia and Vietnam, yet renewed warfare and disruptions in agricultural production suggest that the flow is destined to increase in coming months. The United States has done little enough by taking in 205,000 refugees and preparing to accept 140,000 more. Japan has agreed to take only 500! It has spent a pittance, in comparison to its economic ability, to ease its neighbors' burdens.

Japan's overall development aid program represents a meager 0.2 percent of the GNP, about the level of the United States's in recent years. But the US also provides military assistance to help its friends defend themselves. Japan has promised to increase its outlays, but it makes its promises, usually, in terms of eroding dollars, rather than yen, which diminishes its generosity considerably. And much more even than the United States, Japan ties its aid to recipients' ability and willingness to make purchases in the donor country.

The entire industrialized world has an interest in Middle East peace, and the financing of the Egypt-Israel agreement will be expensive. But the burden is being left to the United States. Japan so far has not been willing to say whether it will increase aid to Egypt, for fear of offending Saudi Arabia. Japan hedges its political bets so closely it has not even cut off aid to Vietnam, even though that country is the cause of Asia's most pressing anguish and is allied with the Soviet Union, which Japan perceives as the foremost threat to its well-being.

And of course there is the issue of trade—which is to say, jobs for American workers and business for our businesses. Japan can argue that it has taken steps to reduce its surpluses. Last year, Japan sold the US goods worth $13 billion more than it bought; this year, it estimates, the gap will be down to eight billion dollars. Japan *has* adopted a stimulative national budget to step up imports. It has agreed to limit exports of cars, ships, televisions and steel, it has increased import quotas of beef, citrus and leather goods, and it has agreed to reduce formal tariff barriers. Japan can argue, too, that trade surpluses and the dollar's decline are primarily the United States's responsibility. Who's to blame if the US rate of productivity increase is less than one percent a year, when Japan's is six percent? Who should change if Americans spend all but five percent of their income, while Japanese save 25 percent? Whose attitude is right—that of Japanese labor unions, which hold wage demands under inflation rates, or American unions which are constantly trying to beat them? Japan's corporations *do* collude to expand exports, in ways that would violate US antitrust laws, and their governments not only doesn't punish them, it subsidizes them. But whose problem is that?

At the same time, the Japanese do resort to practices which are unfair by any measure. They let perishables rot on shipping docks rather than admit them for purchase in their country. Their customs inspectors check every single item in a shipment of thousands, delaying deliveries. Their banking, insurance and tourism laws do not permit US firms to enter and compete on an equal basis. The Japanese government procures almost nothing overseas.

That is the way it often has been with the Japanese. Their concessions turn out to not to be concessions at all. Those they make seem little, late and niggling. New promises made during Ohira's Washington visit *sound* good, but we must wait to see if they are fulfilled. After World War II, we saved them from starvation and rebuilt them as a nation, but they have not either repaid the favor or even mustered comparable generosity toward other people who are in need. They take, but they do not give. And so the world is mad at them. They are open to baiting by demagogues and to slurring from racists. John Connally is not the only perpetrator. Sir Roy Denman, external relations director of the European Economic Community, recently described the Japanese as "workaholics who live in what Westerners would regard as rabbit hutches."

There are too many cooperative enterprises and mutual interest between Japan and the United States to allow relations between them to be soured by recriminations and the counter-recriminations that are sure to follow. The United States has to restore itself as a competitive force in international trade. But Japan has work to do, too. It has to stop acting like an island and realize that it has responsibilities for the world in which it lives.

White House Watch

On the Run

One member of a group of editors visiting Jimmy Carter at the White House on March 30 assumed that he'd be running for renomination and reelection in 1980 and asked him where he thought his main suppo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Who owns Hebron?

To the editors:

How sad it is to read an article by an Israeli who feels uncomfortable with the fact that he is Jewish and that Israel is a Jewish state. For such is the impression Amos Elon gave in his article, "Mad Settlers on the West Bank" (*TNR*, April 21). The article seems more a vendetta against religious Jews, particularly religious settlers, than a call for sanity.

West Bank settlements did not spring up with Menachem Begin's election. Nor did the Jewish settlement in Hebron/Kiryat Arba. Rather, the Kiryat Arba settlement policy, begun under the Eshkol government, continued through Meir's and Rabin's, and administered now by Begin's, is a consistent one, based to a very large degree on the importance of the city to the Jewish people.

Americans are accustomed to hearing Arab spokesmen demand sovereignty over Jerusalem—"Islam's third holiest city." Perhaps it is about time for Israelis and Jews to voice their position on Hebron—Judaism's *second* holiest city. Elon, however, deprecates and distorts the Jewish ties to the city, ignoring the long history of Jewish settlement in Hebron.

Jewish life in Hebron has been nearly uninterrupted for 17 centuries. Only after the 1929 and 1936 massacres of Hebron Jews by the town's Arabs and after the illegal Jordanian seizure of the West Bank in 1948 did Hebron become *Judenrein*. But Elon conveniently fails to mention these facts. He ignores the Jewish ties to Hebron which are not just fanatically religious ties, but historical, legal and literally blood ties as well.

The building housing the Cave of the Patriarchs (*Meorat HaMachpela*), was originally a Byzantine Church (see *Encyclopedia Judaica*). Arab conquerors converted it to a mosque and permitted Jews to build a synagogue and establish a cemetery near the shrine. Hebron was both a Moslem and Jewish town.

It is, therefore, shocking to have an Israeli accuse his country of being the only "civilized country" in 500 years to force one faith to "move aside and make room for another." Jewish rights to Judaism's shrines were denied not only in Hebron but in Jerusalem as well, where Jews were denied access to the Western Wall, where dozens of Jewish synagogues were defiled and destroyed, and where Jewish cemeteries were desecrated by the asphalt of roads, the foundations of hotels and the wastes of Jordanian army latrines.

Hebron's Moslems have not been denied entry into the Cave of the Patriarchs; they have only been required to share it. One lesson of the holy land is that there is no barrier to several religions revering the same shrine. Christian holy sites and churches, for instance, are shared by diverse Christian orders, some frequently locked in dogmatic combat.

Yet Elon attempts to portray an invading character to the Jewish services in the *Machpela* and its mosque housing. He would, it appears, deny the shrine to Jews. He admits that the Moslems praying alongside the Jews in the shrine would "slaughter the intruders" if not for armed guards stationed there.

The question must be asked, then, are not the Jews courageous—and not mad—to assert their religious rights and to show their Arab neighbors that they are determined to live in proximity to one another?

Indeed, the question is a broader one: if Jews cannot assert their claims there in Hebron, are not their rights to holy sites in Jerusalem also susceptible to Moslem denial? And to the Arab world (minus Egypt) are not the Jews in Israel, in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, all "intruders"?

Leonard J. Davis
Director of Information
American Israel Public Affairs Committee

Women poets, sagging spirits

To the editors:

The Norton Anthology of English Literature—a commonly used college text in introductory English literature classes—runs to 3460 pages, in two volumes, and represents work from 210 male authors, spanning 600 years. This staggering output comes from the men of only one very small country. How absurd and oppressive that Joyce Carol Oates's spirits should sag (review of *The Penguin Book of Women Poets*, *TNR*, April 21) at the prospect of "hundreds" of poems by women, from the world over—it's just the way men have always felt.

Mary D. Edsall
Washington, DC

Revising TRB's roll call

To the editors:

TRB is incorrect in stating that there are 61 Democrats, 38 Republicans and one independent in the Senate ("Hubris and Nemesis," *TNR*, April 28). After the 1978 election there are now 41 Republicans, 58 Democrats and one independent. As an avid reader of the *New Republic*, I was shocked that he would be so far behind in his information.

James Robert Coleman
Morgan City, Louisiana

A poignant 'Hair'

To the editors:

I know I am just a secretary living in the provinces, but I think Mr. Kauffmann has missed the real poignancy of "Hair" ("Ex-Champions," *TNR*, April 14). The pointless waste of innocence, youth and vitality—the tragic product of any war—is never an outdated statement. "Hair" gently reminds us without the morally superior preaching prevalent in the 1960s. (And Twyla Tharp's fantastic choreography, superbly complimented by the precise editing, deserves much more than one paragraph.)

Mr. Kauffmann, you are welcome to come relax and revitalize in St. Louis whenever you feel you need to.

Kathleen C. Salomon
St. Louis, Missouri

Melancholy thoughts on scribbling

To the editors:

Paul Robinson's entertaining and melancholy inquiry into scribbling ("Why Write?," *TNR*, March 31) covers most of the reasons impelling people to pens and typewriters. But he has left out one major motive that accounts for so much prolific writing in this century, from Vladimir Lenin to Irving Howe: the political. In the same essay stressing "love of language and its proper use," Orwell also wrote: "looking back through my work, I see that it is

(continued on page 39)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be. "Well," Carter answered, "I'm not talking as a candidate. I'm not a candidate and won't make a decision on that, or an announcement, until later on." The subtle distinction between decision and announcement was necessary because Carter had previously said that he had decided whether to run in 1980 and would disclose his decision later. At a meeting with other editors on April 27 Carter said, "I don't intend to make any campaign appearances in the foreseeable future." After noting that he'd be traveling "as President" to Iowa and Los Angeles "for some events" in early May, he added that "I am going to stay out of the campaigning business for a while."

These and similar recent remarks were innocent malarkey, in the tradition that incumbent first-term Presidents are entitled to pretend until they choose to stop pretending that they haven't decided to go for a second term. Declaration of that intention puts them as candidates under legal restraints on expenditure and access to radio and television that they are not under when they are merely Presidents. Carter told the visiting editors on April 27 that a declared candidacy also introduces partisan factors into congressional and public debate of serious issues. Although he didn't say so, the serious issue uppermost in his calculations right now is SALT and the looming fight for Senate ratification of a new strategic arms limitation treaty with the Soviet Union. The word at the White House is that if possible he will delay a formal declaration of his 1980 candidacy until the Senate has acted.

Once an incumbent's intention to run is as clear as Carter's is, the partisan factors are present anyhow. He acknowledged as much when he was asked whether he'd come to favor limiting Presidents to a single six-year term instead of two successive four-year terms. He answered: "I didn't used to think so, even after I became President. But I have begun to realize lately that if I could just by the stroke of a pen change the Constitution, I think one six-year term would be preferable. The reason is that no matter what I do as President now, where I am really trying to ignore politics and stay away from any sort of campaign plans, and so forth, a lot of the things I do are colored through the news media and in the minds of the American people" by the question, "is this a campaign ploy or is it genuinely done by an incumbent President in the best interest of our country without any sort of personal advantage involved?"

Last March 15 Carter authorized Evan Dobelle, a young Massachusetts politician (he turned 34 April 29) to organize "a committee to support my reelection as President." Dobelle and his wife, Kit, met Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter early in Carter's campaign for the 1976 Democratic nomination. Dobelle changed his Massachusetts registration from Republican to Democrat in January 1976. He was Carter's first chief of protocol at the State Department in 1977 and treasurer of the Democratic National Committee in 1978. His wife had been his deputy at State and succeeded him as chief of protocol. Evan Dobelle became national chairman of the Carter-Mondale Presidential Committee on March 16, the day Carter submitted a signed notification to the Federal Election Commission that the committee had been formed to promote his reelection. The committee is having a bit of trouble with nomenclature. Ben Brown, a former Georgia legislator, chairman of the Black Caucus in Georgia's House of Representatives, and deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is "deputy chairman" of the Carter-Mondale committee. There are two "deputy campaign chairs": Diana Rock, 31, a former union lobbyist who has been associate director of Carter's Presidential Personnel Office; and Chris Brown, 30, a political consultant from New Mexico who directed Carter's crucial and victorious New Hampshire primary campaign in 1975-76.

Dobelle is widely regarded among Democratic pols in Washington as an amiable amateur who wasn't fitted to be the DNC's treasurer and isn't fitted to be Carter's campaign chairman. DNC Chairman John White, a veteran of Texas politics and a hardened political pro, says he recommended Dobelle for the campaign chairmanship and says why he did: "He's a talented and hungry young man, and a talented and hungry young man is what you need in that job. The job and the pressures just require an Evan Dobelle." Sure he's an amateur and that's an advantage, White continues. "I've never had much use for experience in politics,' White says. "I've run 13 state campaigns and I'd have lost half of them if I'd based what I did in any one campaign on what I'd done in the previous campaign.'

One of the 27 people so far recruited to the Dobelle staff is committee treasurer John H. Dalton, a Dallas investment banker who was deputy director of Carter's 1976 general election campaign in Texas. The committee reported to FEC on April 10 contributions totalling $305,064, mostly in individual $250 gifts with a few at the legal maximum of $1000. By May 1 the total was approximately $500,000. Dobelle compares this take in two and a half months with around one million dollars reported by Gerald Ford's campaign committee during its first nine months in 1975-76. Dobelle doesn't claim much of the credit for himself. Dalton and the five assistant money-raisers working with Dalton. "The President and the Party," Dobelle says, "have a lot of friends around the country." A total of 661 individual contributors was reported on April 10.

"I haven't talked with the President about the campaign in over a month," Dobelle said on May 1. In that last talk and when Carter asked Dobelle to organize and head the committee, the President made it "very clear that he would not abide having the White House involved in the campaign." Dobelle said Carter said there were to be no campaign telephone calls an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's time to face facts

Today, you have to get 60 or more permits to build a coal-fired generating plant. That's about 57 more than it took in 1969.

And all that extra paperwork is costing consumers a bundle in higher electric bills.

Each permit represents time—lots of it. Every day of delay on a million-kilowatt generating plant increases its cost by more than $300,000. Imagine how this adds up, unnecessarily, when the regulatory process is deliberately used to block a project for weeks, or even months.

Even we nonprofit consumer-owned rural electric systems, try as we might, can't hold rates down when it costs six times as much to build a power plant today as it did only five years ago.

Inflation can be blamed for part of the problem, to be sure. But the fact is, today's unwieldy regulatory process accounts for almost one-third of increased construction costs.

That's big money. . . more than $250-million on a typical million-kwh plant.

It seems to us that well-meant efforts to form sensible rules for guiding energy development and use have gone awry, that the historical purpose of regulation has gotten lost. With growing frequency, planners of power generation facilities are being hampered with overlapping, cumbersome, and often inane regulations that serve more as obstacles than as solid, responsible rules and guidelines.

We're not saying, "Down with regulation!"—far from it. A nation such as ours, as utterly dependent on energy as ours, *must* regulate its utility industries . . . sensibly. But let's be aware that regulation, like everything else, bears a price tag.

Let's not keep raising the price.

Commonsense, orderly regulation serves the broad public interest.

Over-regulation does not.

A message from the nation's consumer-owned, nonprofit electric cooperatives and power districts.

America's rural electric systems

For more information, write: Dept R, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 1800 Mass. Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no campaign memos from the White House and no campaign meetings at the White House. The reporter who was told this had recently received one of 1.5 million letters sent out by the DNC on faked White House stationery with Jimmy Carter's facsimile signature, saying he was writing from the Oval Office and requesting contributions for the party (not for his candidacy). The White House-campaign committee relationship does not exactly belie what Dobelle said to the reporter and what Carter had said about "trying to ignore politics and stay away from any sort of campaign plans." The relevant facts do, however, put the matter in a somewhat different light.

Dobelle's and the committee's main White House contacts are Carter's undesignated staff chief, Hamilton Jordan, and Jordan's chief deputy for political affairs, Tim Kraft. Jordan wrote a famous memorandum outlining the strategy that took Carter through the primaries and to the presidency in 1976. He has written and distributed to a select few an equivalent memo on how to win in 1980. At the committee headquarters in a converted town house near the White House, Dobelle and his principal associates meet one evening a week with Jordan, Kraft and several other senior White House assistants. Among them, varying with their own schedules, are Stuart Eizenstat, Anne Wexler, Frank Moore, Jody Powell. DNC Chairman White and Patrick Caddell, Carter's favorite poller, usually attend. "It's really Hamilton's meeting," one of the other White House participants says. Richard Moe, Vice President Mondale's staff chief, is another regular. Mondale up to now is unrepresented on the hired committee staff. But he's said not to mind and to be happy with the committee name, which for the first time ties a vice president and his President together on a second-term ticket.

Dobelle has asked Carter's senior assistants, and they have agreed, to reserve one weekend each month for campaign travel at committee expense to local and state rallies and fundraisers. This travel, the evening meetings and other campaign work by White House people is legal so long as done after hours, on their time and their off days, and none of it occurs during the 40 hours a week, eight hours a day for five days, that White House appropriation acts require White House appointees to devote entirely to their federal jobs. They are exempt from the Hatch Act ban on political activities that applies to most federal employees. Fourteen campaign fundraisers, two dinners and 12 more modest brunches and receptions, had been scheduled around the country as of May 1. Rosalynn Carter is to be the starred speaker at a dinner in Atlanta June 2. Mondale is to address a dinner in Minneapolis on June 23. The committee hopes to raise at least $150,000 at each of the dinners, $25,000 at each of the brunches and receptions.

John White grumbles that White House assistants are, if anything, "leaning too far backwards" to keep their White House and campaign labors strictly separated. In fact they are not and cannot be totally separated, except in the most technical sense. What some White House employees in forgetful moments call "political meetings" occur every day at the White House. They may deal explicitly with pending issues, major legislation or what have you, but more often than not they get around to the political implications. Anne Wexler, a Democratic party pro whose advent a year ago May 1 vastly improved the Carter political operation, meets once a week with a group of unofficial advisers. It's said that she never brings up politics and 1980 implications as such. Her guests do and their points, filtering through Wexler to Jordan and the President, have discernibly affected Carter decisions and tactics. Carter's weekly meeting May 1 with the Democratic congressional leadership illustrates the point. Most of the time was devoted to a long discussion of the administration's energy and inflation problems and their effect upon the public perception of Jimmy Carter's ability to govern. All else aside, that perception of course will determine whether he is renominated and reelected in 1980.

Carter's trip to New Hampshire April 25 illustrates the difficulties of a non-running President. Air Force One was loaded with prominent New Hampshire Democrats including the state's senators. They or political organizations paid their fares at first-class rates. The reporters in his press party considered his appearance in Portsmouth at what Carter and his people call "a town meeting" to be a political triumph, a showing that he still has the magic that won the presidency in 1976. Carter also addressed party volunteers at a reception given by Democratic governor Hugh Gallen and another assemblage of New Hampshire Democrats. Because he made "town meetings" part of his presidential act from the start in 1977, the one at Portsmouth was the only event in New Hampshire judged to be "presidential" and therefore chargeable, as a portion of the total trip expense, to the taxpayers. The other events were judged to be "party building" and therefore chargeable to the DNC. Carter and accompanying assistants were cautioned in advance not to so much as mention 1980 or even hint at supporting him next year. In several thousand transcribed words and in overheard informal exchanges, he never did. Neither, so far as is known, did his assistants. Campaign committee Deputy Chair Chris Brown, the New Hampshire campaign director who is expected to oversee the New Hampshire operation again next year, was forbidden to fly on Air Force One. If he had, or if Carter or Carter assistants had breathed a word about 1980, the campaign committee would have had to pay a large part of the trip's cost.

John Osborne

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No doves in Jackson, Mississippi.

After the Flood

Jackson

The rain began in this Mississippi city on April 12, Maundy Thursday, at one point dumping four inches of water in a single hour. By Friday the skies had begun to clear, but by then the Pearl River was rising steadily with floodwaters from upstream. It soon overflowed its banks and began spreading water over the low-lying eastern sections of Jackson. On Monday, the day after Easter, the river finally crested and the waters began their slow retreat. Jackson was only one of several Mississippi cities hit by the flood. In all, 20,000 people had to be evacuated from their homes.

A visitor driving into Jackson on Interstate 20 sees only a sleepy brown stream where a murderous torrent flowed two weeks before. But the tall trees alongside the highway offer stark evidence that the flood did pass this way: the bottom 10 or 12 feet of each tree are stripped of most branches, and the few left are brown and encrusted with mud. Halfway up, the trees burst into bright green color, leaves that escaped the ravages.

To see the worst of what the flood wreaked on Jackson, one has to visit the poorest, blackest section of town, an area in south Jackson known by its inhabitants as Doodleville. Here the houses are stained with mud as high as three and four feet off the ground. Ruined furniture, rugs and assorted debris litter the yards. A few of the residents have moved back into their homes. Others are only beginning to clean up and repair the damage. Most are used to dealing with such calamities: the Pearl River floods Doodleville every few years, though not as badly as this time. This was the first flood to hit the affluent white areas along the river, in the northeast section of Jackson and in a suburb called Flowood. In these neighborhoods, the flood's effects look more capricious. On one street, a gentle slope kept the houses on one side out of reach of the water, while those directly across were swamped. The local news coverage focused mostly on how the flood affected these parts of Jackson. "You would have thought only white homeowners got flooded," says L. C. Dorsey, a black woman who lives near Doodleville. "Blacks from other parts of town called and said, 'Y'all must not have gotten it this time.'"

The news coverage isn't all Jackson's blacks are upset about. The Red Cross, which ran three emergency shelters for flood victims, has been the villain in several different rumors suggesting racial discrimination. One story is that it deliberately segregated the shelters. The Red Cross says that people simply went to the nearest shelter, and that the segregated shelters simply reflected Jackson's segregated neighborhoods. At the black shelter, housed in the West Capitol Boys Club, only one white family showed up, and it left the next day. The Red Cross says the white family went to the shelter on its own and left on its own, without prodding from anyone. Another rumor held that the Red Cross was housing whites in hotels, which helped to explain why the two white shelters were able to close nearly a week before the Boys Club shelter. Al Panico, a regional Red Cross official who is running the disaster program, says the Red Cross didn't put anyone up in a hotel. "A lot of white people, and some black people, went out on their own and moved into motels, but we didn't have anything to do with it," he says. The black shelter, he says, had to stay open longer because it housed some of the poorest people who had nowhere else to go. Panico says he doesn't doubt that there were instances where white volunteers at the Boys Club shelter were rude or insensitive. "A shelter is an unnatural, unpleasant place to be, and people get short-tempered, whether they're working there or staying there," he says. One federal disaster official, the closest thing I could find to an impartial and informed observer, says he's seen no sign of discrimination by the Red Cross.

The wide currency given these rumors among Jackson's blacks suggests more about the state of race relations in this city than it does about the Red Cross. The tension between whites and blacks dealing with each other in the wake of a disaster shows how easily the appearance of racial harmony breaks down under pressure. But apparently in Jackson—a city of 350,000 people—even the appearance of racial harmony is still an elusive prospect. Rims Barber, a white community activist, says a Mennonite group was refused permission to operate a volunteer project in a Baptist church because it wouldn't promise to keep blacks out.

Jackson's blacks naturally tend to see discrimination even when there is none. They understandably resent being ignored by the Jackson business and government establishments, particularly when disaster strikes. On April 29, the Hinds County board of supervisors met to decide how to spend one million dollars in community development money from the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Several citizens showed up to urge that the money be used in rebuilding the neighborhoods hit by the flood. The supervisors voted to spend the money to expand the local football stadium.

That same day, Circuit Court judge Dan Lee, whose home was flooded, appeared at a meeting of the local water supply district to threaten a grand jury investigation of the operation of the Ross Barnet Reservoir near Jackson. Lee complained that the board had kept the level of water in the reservoir higher than it should be in order to promote recreational use (mostly by the affluent whites who live around it), thus making it useless for flood control, one of its original purposes. When one member of the water district board replied that the main purpose of the reservoir was not flood control but water supply, Lee retorted, "Not one drop of water for Jackson has ever come out of that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reservoir." Lewis Armstrong, a black official with the county Human Resources Agency, says at the time of the flood the reservoir was even higher than usual to accommodate a bass fishing contest. "But I guess all the bass got away," he says with undisguised glee.

Stephen Chapman

The press doesn't own the First Amendment.

Journalists' Privilege

Despite what you read in the papers, the biggest threat to the First Amendment roaming loose in Washington these days is not Justice Byron White of the United States Supreme Court. It is Jack Landau, the monomaniacal head of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. Following a fairly minor Supreme Court decision last month reaffirming the state of the libel laws as they have existed for the past 15 years, Landau set the tone for much of the press coverage by declaring, "The courts can take your notes, the Government can take your telephone records, and the police can march into the newsroom. Now libel lawyers can go into your brain. I'd like to know what's left." Talk like this—besides being simply deceitful—is crying wolf. Journalists are uniquely able to make their screams of pain heard. They should hoard these screams for maximum impact when the First Amendment really is threatened. Raising the roof about every minor imposition also reveals a contempt for other important social values—including the First Amendment rights of non-journalists—that can only undermine public (and judicial) empathy for the news business.

Here is what the most recent fuss was about. The Supreme Court has ruled that the First Amendment places some limits on state libel laws. Statements about public figures—even false statements that cause harm or humiliation—are immune from the libel laws unless they were made with "reckless disregard for the truth." Mere carelessness about the facts is not enough. To win a libel case against you, a public figure must prove that you were consciously lying or at the very least that you "in fact entertained serious doubts as to the truth" of what you said when you said it. This is a valuable protection of the press. As envious journalists from other countries will tell you, the fear that every fact of a controversial article might have to be proved in court has a real chilling effect.

In 1973 a segment of the CBS television show "60 Minutes" accused Colonel Anthony Herbert of making up stories about atrocities in Vietnam. Herbert sued for libel. He conceded he was a public figure, and began trying to prove that CBS had shown reckless disregard for the truth. Herbert's lawyers subjected the producer, Barry Lando, to hours of grilling about how the show was prepared. Lando's lawyers objected to some of the questions, arguing that the First Amendment protects the editorial process of the press from this kind of public scrutiny.

Justice White, writing for a six-man majority, ruled that Lando has to answer the questions. His basic reasoning was that you cannot have your cake and eat it too. It is unreasonable to insist that the First Amendment requires a libel plaintiff to prove the state of a journalist's knowledge and beliefs, and also to insist that the First Amendment prevents the plaintiff from acquiring this very information.

You would think from the press coverage that this was a major setback for press freedom. "Court Opens Press To Questioning on Writing of Stories," was the *Washington Star* headline. The news story by *Star* Supreme Court reporter Lyle Denniston called the decision "a sweeping defeat for the nation's media." The *Washington Post* headlined, "High Court Opens Newsroom Editing To Libel Inquiry." In fact, what was new was the suggestion that journalists should *not* be subject to questioning about the editorial process, just as the parties to any lawsuit must answer their opponents' questions about the matter in controversy. Several of the celebrated Supreme Court opinions protecting journalists from libel laws were based on detailed examinations of the editorial process. Nobody objected to this at the time or since. What CBS was asserting in the Herbert case was a *new* "journalist's privilege."

Of course even the failure to get a new privilege might be unfortunate. First Amendment junkies argue that forcing journalists to answer questions about how they put together a story will "chill" them in the exercise of their First Amendment rights. It is not clear from the ravings how this "chill" is supposed to work. Is it the increased risk of losing a libel suit that will give a journalist pause before expressing himself? Or is it simply that further erosion of the privacy of notes, sources, first drafts, etc. will make the reporter's job harder to do?

If the problem is fear of libel suits, the short answer is that this is the whole point. The Supreme Court *wants* to chill journalists from acting with reckless disregard for the truth. This is still what a public figure must prove in order to win a libel suit. It is not a terribly stringent standard of behavior. The Supreme Court has made lesser misbehavior immune from libel suits by public figures in order to give the pursuit of truth, and comment upon it, a bit of breathing room. There is an honorable argument—persuasive to me, not persuasive to any present member of the Supreme Court—that discussion about matters of public controversy, at least

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be totally immune from libel suits. But it is not honorable to argue that a partial immunity should be expanded on the sly by making crucial information impossible to obtain.

If the problem is that a lack of guaranteed secrecy will thwart the editorial process, then there is a difference between a journalist's private thoughts and things a journalist may have said or written down. All nine justices agreed that it is hard to imagine how a journalist can be "chilled in the very process of thought" (as the lower court decision by Judge Irving Kaufman colorfully suggested) by a fear of having to answer questions in a later lawsuit. The justices decorously failed to point out that private thoughts, though hard to restrain, are easy to lie about. All the demonic talk about how the Court is inviting libel lawyers to "go into your brain" (or, as columnist Marquis Childs put it, to "explore the deepest recesses of editors' and reporters' minds") simply means that plaintiffs' lawyers can ask reporters questions and hope they say something self-incriminating. Reporters' lawyers can ask plaintiffs questions too. That's how lawsuits work.

A more serious issue is the right of libel plaintiffs to demand documentary evidence such as notes, first drafts and internal memos, and also to ask reporters and editors to recall conversations they had while preparing a story. Unlike thoughts, these things really can be "chilled" by fear of exposure. Knowing that they can be kept private does indeed grease the wheels of a free press. Increasing the risk that they will become public does make the journalist's job harder. By discouraging journalists from expressing their doubts, the risk of exposure may even *increase* the amount of misinformation that gets published.

The problem is one of simple fairness. Journalists defending libel suits naturally will say that they have been very careful about the facts. If they have any documents, or recall any conversations, that bolster his claim, they certainly will produce these items. Indeed, journalists are taught early on to save all interview notes and other documents in case some story is challenged in a lawsuit. What if the same stockpile of materials contains evidence that the journalist has been quite cavalier about the facts? How can you make a journalist's degree of care a central issue in a lawsuit, and then give one side exclusive access to the best evidence concerning this key issue, both in the name of the First Amendment?

This sort of anomaly does not bother First Amendment junkies like the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. They believe the First Amendment provides absolute protection for all the activities of journalists—gathering the news as well as publishing it—and any conflicting interest must simply give way. But by seeing every intrusion of the law into their working lives as an assault on the First Amendment, reporters are missing a central truth about modern American society, which is that the law is intruding on everybody's lives in a way that makes important work harder to do.

The Herbert case provides a good example of this. When Barry Lando, the CBS producer, refused to answer any more questions from Colonel Herbert's lawyers, he already had answered enough questions to fill 26 volumes of transcript, containing 3000 pages and 240 exhibits. This was just one small part of a "discovery" process—as these pre-trial orgies of information gathering are called—that had been going on for more than a year. Lando already had answered dozens of questions about the editorial process. It looks as if his real reason for refusing to answer any more was simply a feeling that "enough is enough."

The rules encouraging elaborate "discovery" in civil lawsuits were considered a great innovation when they first appeared during the 1930s. By preventing either side from keeping secrets from the other, they were supposed to avoid "trial by surprise." By revealing all the crucial evidence before trial, they were supposed to encourage settlements out of court. American courts place almost no limit on how much time and information one side of a lawsuit can demand of the other before trial. But this tradition, combined with the almost unique American rule that the loser of a lawsuit needn't pay the winner's legal costs, has made the mere threat of a lawsuit a powerful blackmail tool. And even legitimate lawsuits cost far more time, money and inconvenience than the cause of justice reasonably demands. Libel suits are the principal occasions when reporters get caught up in the awful machinery of the law. Instead of reflecting on what this kind of harassment means for the society they are supposed to be reporting on, too many journalists instead demand a special exemption on the grounds that their own job is too important to be subject to such intrusions.

Another recent example of journalists' myopia was their presentation of last year's notorious Supreme Court decision in *Zurcher* v. *Stanford Daily*, also written by Justice White. This is the one that generated all the hysteria about police marching through newsrooms and ransacking files, etc. What the Court held was that the press has no absolute exemption from search warrants. You would not know from the evocations of jackboots this ruling induced in the press that *everybody's* house and office can be invaded by police with a search warrant looking for evidence of a crime. The Constitution requires that the police convince some judicial officer that they have "probable cause" to suspect they'll find valuable evidence before they can get a search warrant. But in practice search warrants often are issued pretty automatically. This is not good. Some legal scholars argue that the police shouldn't be able to get search warrants against people not suspected of a crime; that police should have to get information from non-suspects either voluntarily or by subpoena. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reporters Committee brief in the *Stanford Daily* case mentioned this argument in a footnote. (In the Farber case, it argued that reporters should be exempt from subpoenas too.) The rest of the brief demonstrated complete indifference to whether police can "march through" and "ransack" other people's offices and homes. So did most of the editorial comment afterward.

In both his recent anti-press decisions, Justice White said that the press's legitimate need for privacy is entitled to consideration. But press fanatics insist this need is entitled to *absolute* consideration, and absolute priority. They like to note that the First Amendment says nothing about balancing freedom of expression against other rights and values. Indeed it doesn't. But these controversies over notes and files don't involve the press's right to publish information. Quite the contrary: the issue is the press's right to keep information *secret*. When the Court has agreed that some secrecy is a valuable part of the publishing process, and is entitled to important consideration under the Constitution, it is foolish to insist that the press's right to secrecy is absolute. Such claims cheapen the rhetorical currency, which should be saved up for occasions when the actual right to *publish* is threatened. The present government censorship of the *Progressive* magazine is one such occasion.

When the press fights against direct interference with the right to speak out, it is defending a right that is available equally to all citizens. When it claims immunity for preliminary steps in the editorial process, it is asking for privileges that apply only to the press as an institution. It is asking in these cases for special exemptions from the ordinary duties and risks of citizenship. It would be tactful to make such requests in a more humble spirit than what is usually displayed.

The day the Supreme Court decided the "60 Minutes" case, there was an article buried inside the *Washington Post* about a New York court's ruling that book authors are not entitled to the same consideration as newspaper reporters when a judge is deciding whether to subpoena their notes. This is an important victory for reporters' rights. Obviously *somebody* must have to obey subpoenas. A "First Amendment right" such as immunity from subpoenas—or from search warrants or from pre-trial discovery—by its nature must be exclusive. The more exclusive it can be made, the easier it will be for the legal system to tolerate. A few days later, the *Post* ran a resentful editorial comparing the Supreme Court's concern about news leaks to a Court decision about bugging devices. The two events, the *Post* said, "reveal how deeply the justices feel about their own privacy and how casually a majority of them regard the privacy of others." The same can be said about the official voices of the press, not only concerning privacy but also concerning the First Amendment itself.

Michael Kinsley

A May Day interview.

Ginzburg in Exile

Friday, April 27, was Alexander Ginzburg's first day outside barbed wire in over two years. A prominent and committed advocate of human rights in the Soviet Union, Ginzburg has spent nine years inside Soviet prisons. When asked by a judge to state his nationality at his last trial, Ginzburg answered defiantly, "Prisoner."

He is a thin, emaciated man with gray, closely cropped hair. Like many former Soviet prisoners, he is a chain smoker. Yet there is something relaxing about Alexander Ginzburg. He is an open, sincere man, who has managed to retain his human dignity and his sense of humor under very trying circumstances. I spoke with him on Tuesday morning, May 1. It was his first May Day outside the Soviet Union.

Why do you believe you were freed?
I have not been freed.

Well then, why were you released?
I would rather put it another way. I feel that one form of punishment has been substituted for another. In Russia, banishment, exile, has always been considered a form of punishment. There was a time when it was considered to be the principal form. It was thought to be a punishment greater than all others. I believe although I am not absolutely certain of this, that such is the case with the majority of the world today. Such is the case in Finland, for example.

Were you surprised that you were exchanged for spies?
In my own case, I most certainly was not surprised. In any case I will not be surprised if after this others will be traded for strategic missiles.

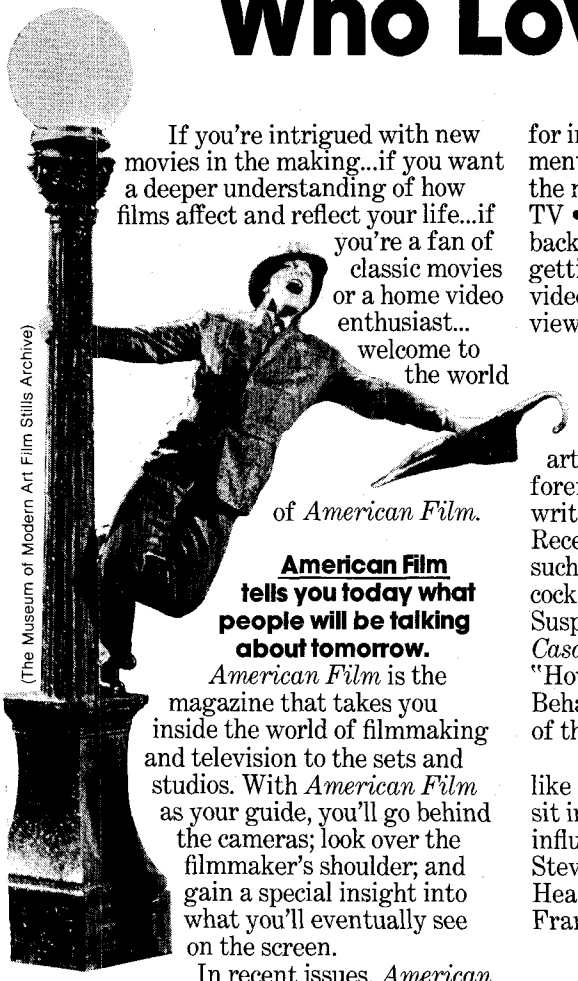
Is such barter in lives helpful or harmful in the longer run?
This depends on the point of view of the person who is trading in the goods. It is up to the individual to determine what these goods are worth. The question that then arises is: for whom is it useful? For those who desire to leave it is without question useful. But for those who are engaged in the human rights struggle *there*, and who want to continue that struggle *there*, it is without question harmful. It is, above all, important to speak about concrete situations. One should not generalize about whether such exchanges are useful or harmful.

From my own point of view, I believe simply that one form of punishment has been replaced with another. In addition, this new form of punishment is of unspecified duration.

Do you feel that others will be released?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For People Who Love the Movies


(The Museum of Modern Art Film Stills Archive)

If you're intrigued with new movies in the making...if you want a deeper understanding of how films affect and reflect your life...if you're a fan of classic movies or a home video enthusiast... welcome to the world of *American Film*.

American Film tells you today what people will be talking about tomorrow.

American Film is the magazine that takes you inside the world of filmmaking and television to the sets and studios. With *American Film* as your guide, you'll go behind the cameras; look over the filmmaker's shoulder; and gain a special insight into what you'll eventually see on the screen.

In recent issues, *American Film* readers have gone on location with *Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Alien, Masterpiece Theater, The Great Train Robbery, Time After Time,* and many more new films not yet on theater screens.

American Film also helps you gain a deeper understanding of the impact movies and TV have on society.

American Film is the magazine that tells you, for instance • why light entertainment is replacing sex and violence as the main ingredient of prime-time TV • how women have made a comeback on the screen—but are only now getting behind the camera • how video machines are revolutionizing viewing habits • and much more.

No hypes. No gossip.

In *American Film* you'll read provocative, entertaining articles by and about the industry's foremost filmmakers, critics and writers, without gossip or hype. Recently, readers enjoyed such articles as "Hitchcock and His Art of Suspense," "The Truth About *Casablanca*'s Inspirational Ending," "How TV Influences Adolescent Behavior," and "Love in the Movies of the Seventies."

Each issue also features columns like "Dialogue on Film" that let you sit in on candid interviews with such influential film personalities as Steven Spielberg, Gene Kelly, Edith Head, Neil Simon, Frank Capra and Francois Truffaut.

American Film is just one benefit of joining The American Film Institute.

A subscription to *American Film* is only one of the benefits of membership in The American Film Institute. Your AFI membership also entitles you to discounts on merchandise and books, opportunities to travel with noted performers, invitations to special events and more.

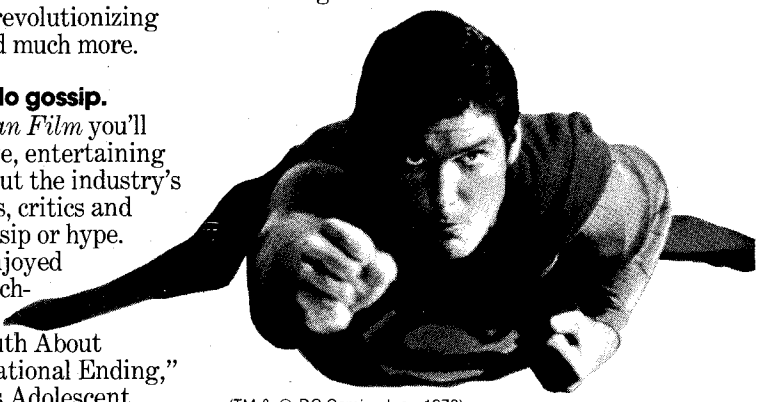
But, most importantly, you'll be contributing to the nonprofit organization established by the National Endowment for the Arts to preserve the heritage and advance the art of film.

TOP LEFT: How do directors overcome technical difficulties like photographing a dancer Singin' in the Rain? *LEFT: What are today's films saying about the changing rules of love, marriage, fidelity, friendship? TOP RIGHT: Is merchandising of spinoffs more important to commercial success than the film itself?*

(Warner Bros., Inc.)

Special no-risk trial membership offer.

Join The American Film Institute for one year and you will receive all regular membership benefits—including ten issues of *American Film*—for just $15.00 annual dues. You reserve the right to cancel your trial membership at any time and receive a full, unquestioned refund of your dues payment.


(TM & © DC Comics Inc., 1978)

Mail the coupon below today to begin your membership or call toll-free 800-247-2160. (In Iowa, call 1-800-362-2860.)

The American Film Institute
Membership Services
P.O. Box 966
Farmingdale, NY 11737

☐ Yes, I accept your invitation to join The American Film Institute for one year for $15.00, entitling me to ten issues of *American Film* and all regular benefits.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

No-risk guarantee: We promise a full, unquestioned refund of your entire $15.00 dues payment at any time during your trial membership, no matter how many issues of *American Film* you have received.

Join The American Film Institute now
Mail this coupon or call toll-free
800-247-2160. (In Iowa, call 1-800-362-2860.)

5174

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It all depends on what they want. It is up to the government that engages in such barter.

Your release occurred in the context of the discussion over SALT II. Do you have any views on SALT and on disarmament?
The Soviet Union has to be disarmed, first of all, of all its prison camps. We should begin from this. This, above all, is strategic weaponry. Because it is this which seals off the Soviet Union from the rest of the world. It is this which makes our society such a danger to mankind.

In opening remarks at your press conference, you and your colleagues spoke of harboring no illusions about a Western paradise. What did you mean?
We simply wished to indicate that we have read. That, in general, we are intelligent human beings and that we read.

How did you assess Carter's human rights campaign from the vantage point of Mordovian Camp Number One?
Vive Carter. We were overjoyed. In any case we totally support Jimmy Carter—in this sphere of endeavor.

You are a unique dissident in that you have your feet planted firmly in both what might be called the Sakharov current and the Solzhenitsyn current. Yet these men hold many diverging views. Is there any contradiction?
Here we confront a very complex situation. I have not as yet met a dissident whose point of view coincides entirely with my own. The formulation of this question as a Sakharov-Solzhenitsyn dichotomy seems to me to be, well, an artificial formulation. But the very existence of these various currents is quite natural.

There has never been a single country which has suffered the loss of fully a quarter, or perhaps a third of its population. There is no historical example of how a country is to restore itself after something like this. For this reason everyone is searching for answers. Some write of their ideas, others are less inclined to write. Others have still fewer opportunities to publish or reach an audience. You have to keep in mind that after all, Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn are Nobel laureates and their views are well known. If you look beyond them, you find a wide range of viewpoints. And this seems to me quite natural at this juncture. In fact, I would be surprised if a general consensus were to be found today.

Nonetheless, is there not something held in common that links Soviet dissidents?
What is shared is the search for a moral solution out of the complex internal situation, the disease of our society. Among the dissidents there is no one for whom the end justifies the means. There is no one who would call for violent solutions. It is this that binds the opposition.

What was the internal environment of Mordovian Camp Number One when you left it? Whom did you leave behind?
The situation there was quite harsh. Those who remain behind are living in extremely dire conditions. There are persons who aren't well known in the West, and as a consequence, their fate is even more difficult than was my own or Eduard Kuznetsov's.

In the camp where I was incarcerated, a camp for recidivists, at least 80 percent of the prison population was made up of Ukrainians. I will mention only the names that may be somewhat familiar in the West Danylo Shumuk, schoolteacher Oleksiy Tykhy, worker Bohdan Rebryk, Ivan Hel, and lawyer Lev Lukyanenko I am not even mentioning the names of those whose cases are totally unknown here. But if there are persons who would like to help these individuals, I consider it my duty to answer all questions about such prisoners

Another category of prisoners who remain in Mordovian Camp Number One are those who were sentenced for their involvement in the Leningrad hijack case. Seven of their compatriots have recently been released but Yuri Fedorov and Alexei Murzhenko remain behind barbed wire. Upon arriving in the West, I have learned that these two prisoners have had practically no support. This has caused me great anguish. I cannot understand how the heroic cause of aiding political prisoners in the USSR, a cause of great self-sacrifice, has left Fedorov and Murzhenko undefended.

Describe your thoughts in the Ilyushin-62 as you were being flown to an unknown destination.
I had never before flown in an Ilyushin-62, and for that reason alone the flight should have been memorable. But I was in a state of shock from the moment I learned [of my release] and so for this reason I existed as might a person who has no internal life. I would eat when they served me. I answered questions about the weather posed by the guard who sat alongside me.

What is the future of the dissident movement? Many of its most outstanding participants—Alexander Solzhenitsyn, General Petro Grigorenko, Andrei Amalrik, Leonid Plyushch and Andrei Sinyavsky—are in exile. Others, like Orlov, Shcharansky and Mykola Rudenko, have been imprisoned. What is the state of the movement in comparison with, say, 10 years ago?
I, for example, have been a participant in the human rights movement not for 10 years, but for 23 years now. I have witnessed the growth of the movement with every year. And for this reason it seems to me that

Coming:
John Osborne on
Jimmy vs. Teddy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we have taken the correct path in our struggle: a path in which everyone speaks for himself and only in his own name. And those whose names are known number not 100, 200, or a thousand, but the essential minimum that is needed in order to assure that we are heard.

The American press has made much of your avowed desire to be back in the Soviet Union. Here you are not in prison, and are free to do what you wish. Yet you would rather be there. Please explain.
I am truly irritated by this viewpoint. It suggests that we are something less than human. Because any normal, moral person who would put himself in my place would feel exactly as I do.

Mr. Ginzburg, I notice that today, you are in a striped gray shirt, a shirt very much like those worn by political prisoners. Should one infer any symbolism?
It is a shirt that was given to me by a compatriot who was imprisoned in the same labor camp as I was, but who has been here for five years. All of us were proud of our uniforms. I am proud of it as well.

Adrian Karatnycky

Adrian Karatnycky is writing a study of the ideological currents in the Soviet opposition, to be published by Basic Books.

Tip O'Neill says that Ireland is Britain's political football. Would that it were.

A Portrait of the Irish as a Tough Nut

by Patrick Brogan

The Reformation never took in Ireland, as it did in the other nations of the British Isles. Ireland would not necessarily be a contented member of the United Kingdom now if it had, but religion undoubtedly has been the great divider. The governing classes, and the city of Dublin, did succumb to the Reformation. In the 16th and 17th centuries, Protestant settlers from Scotland were given land in the northeast. But the Irish peasantry remained poor, uneducated and devoutly Catholic. They continued speaking Irish in the west of the island until the last century (my grandfather in Donegal learned English in his teens) and they never accepted the English rule.

There were uprisings in Ireland over the centuries. There was a general upheaval in the 1790s (led by the Protestants taking their model from America) but it was suppressed. The turning point came with the founding (also by Protestants) of the Irish National Party, which by the 1870s had made the Irish question and its proposed solution, home rule, the central question of British politics. At the same time, secret societies were formed preparing a violent revolution. Their work came to fruition in 1916, and their successors are now the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army.

If it had not been for the Protestants, about a million of them out of a total Irish population of four million, Ireland would have been granted home rule a century ago and would now be either a contented and united member of a British federation, or an equally contented and united independent republic. But British Conservatives, then known as Unionists to show their devotion to the cause of keeping Ireland subjugated, killed Gladstone's and Asquith's Irish home rule bills by predicting rebellion from the predominantly Protestant region of Ulster. The policy's most notorious advocate, to begin with, was Lord Randolph Churchill (Winston's father) who coined the snappy slogan: "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right."

The idea of settling the Irish question by partitioning the country first appeared immediately before the First World War. Protestants are in a two-to-one majority in the six counties of northeast Ireland. The ancient province of Ulster has three other counties as well, where Protestants were in a minority. A painful decision was made early on that if there had to be partition, these three would have to be left to the papists. Then the debate turned to whether all six remaining counties should be included in their entirety by "county option," even though south Armagh is Catholic and Tyrone and Fermanagh are both about half and half. There was much arguing about where the line should run.

All this was interrupted by the war. In 1916 and again in 1919 the extremists took matters into their own

Patrick Brogan is the Washington correspondent of *The Times* of London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hands and went to war against Britain. As often happens, they lost the war militarily and won it politically. In the process the partition proposal, which before the war had been seen as a temporary expedient, became a permanent feature in the 1920 Act, which set up separate legislatures in Belfast and Dublin, both subordinate to London.

Winston Churchill thus described the Irish issue in a speech contemplating the havoc wrought by the First World War: "As the deluge subsides and waters recede, we see the dreary steeples of Fermanagh and Tyrone emerging once again. The integrity of their quarrel is one of the few institutions that have been unaltered in the cataclysm that has swept the world." That was over 50 years ago. There has been another world war, horrible sufferings across the world, genocide and mass movements of people across Europe, and the Irish are still debating the same questions that enraged their fathers. Indeed, when the troubles resumed in 1969, one of the first matters examined was whether the border should be moved, to separate Protestants and Catholics more precisely; whether Tyrone and Fermanagh should be partitioned.

By world or even European standards, Ireland has had a pretty easy time in the past century. With the exception of the smug British on their island and a few smug neutrals, every country in Europe has suffered the horrors of war and occupation. The death toll in Ireland's war of independence (1919-21) was a matter of hundreds, and so was the civil war that followed it. Two thousand people have been killed since 1969. A lot of damage was done to the center of Dublin in 1916 and 1922, the British burned part of Cork, and the IRA has blown up many buildings in Belfast and elsewhere, but by comparison even to England the country has suffered very slight material damage from war in this century. The Irish like to think of themselves as martyrs and they are inclined to claim equality of suffering with the Poles and Vietnamese. The comparisons are laughable.

On the other hand the British are inclined to denounce the IRA terrorists the way Israelis denounce the PLO. Although the Provos have indeed killed many civilians, putting bombs in pubs and restaurants, that has never been their settled policy, as it has always been that of Palestinian terrorists. A more typical IRA tactic would be murdering a British ambassador or soldier, robbing a bank or taking protection money from a business. They behave like gangsters a lot of the time, rather than serious modern terrorists. Many of the dead and wounded are unlucky defectors, or members of rival gangs. The Protestants, too, play the new Irish game of knee-capping (the victims' knee caps are either shot off or drilled with an electric drill). But even so the murder rate in Ulster is less than it is in Detroit, and it is safer to live in Belfast than in New York.

Senator Edward Kennedy used to be fond of claiming that Ulster was Britain's Vietnam, but he wisely gave i up. This comparison is also laughable. Not only is th fighting totally different, in method as well as intensity but the starting point is totally different. There hav been Protestants in Ireland for 450 years Carrickfergus, near Belfast, has been a Protestant tow since the days of Henry VIII. It is a little hard to call thei descendants colonists. There are, I suppose, a fe Catholics in Ireland who use this sort of term . . . th same sort of people who want to force everyone t speak Irish instead of their native tongue. Such a view i more common here in the United States, amon supporters of such IRA front organizations as th Northern Aid Committee, which exists to raise mone to buy guns for the Provos.

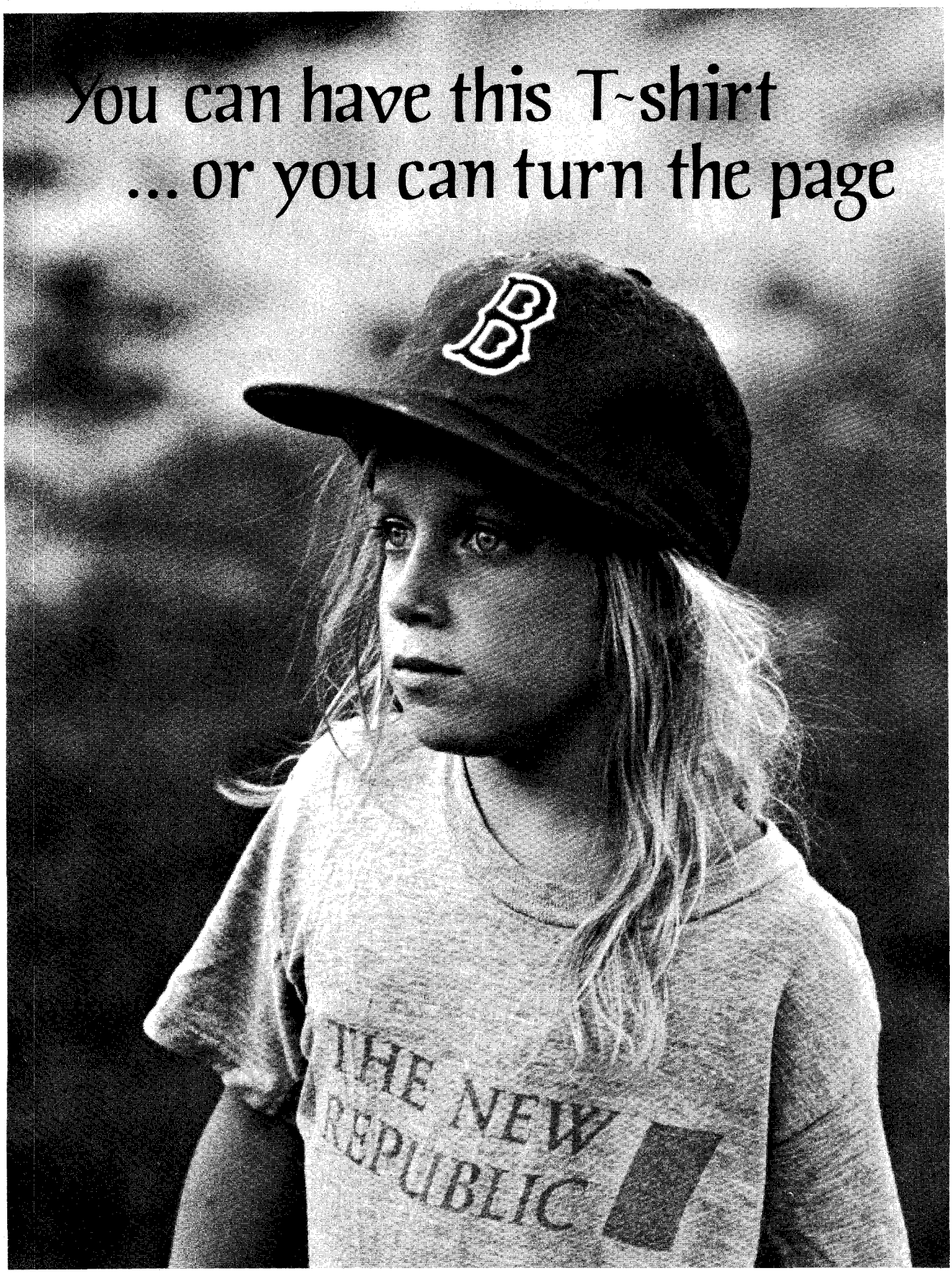
Why are the Protestants so ferociously opposed t any suggestion of uniting Ireland? The basis of it, c course, is religious. The way a Protestant proves h Irishness is by demonstrating an extreme Irish sort c bigotry. The Reverend Ian Paisely and his ilk really tal about Catholicism in terms straight out of the 17t century. But over the years, particularly since partitio in 1920, that religious sentiment has been modified int straight hatred. The "Prods" detest the Catholics with combination of what a southern bigot feels about blacl and what a Pole with a memory feels about th Germans. They are quite impervious to reason. Bu please avoid a rush of righteousness to the head: let th nation that has always been governed by reason ca the first hand-grenade.

There is an economic reason for this hatred, to Because this one is susceptible to modification, it migl be the way to start solving the whole sorry proble The myth believed by ill-informed American leftists, l some in Europe, and even by some in Ireland, is that Northern Ireland a dominant, rich, Protestant gover ing class grinds the faces of the honest Catholic poor. fact the overwhelming mass of Northern Iri Protestants are as poverty-stricken a proletariat as y could find anywhere. This, in fact, is what causes t discrimination. There is horrendous unemployment Northern Ireland, and the dominant group makes su that its members get whatever jobs are going. If the were jobs and housing for everyone, there would be need for the discrimination. As it is, and has been for years, the Catholics constantly get the short end a naturally they resent it. The current trouble actua began in Londonderry in 1969 over discrimination public housing.

Socialists of one sort or another have tried persuade the Protestant and Catholic working clas to combine, because their economic interests a identical. They have always failed. British governmer have tried to encourage industrial investment Northern Ireland, in the hope of reducing unempl ment and thus eliminating the economic basis discrimination and, with it, hatred. They have not h much success. (But then British governments have r

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can have this T-shirt ...or you can turn the page



Please send me ____ New Republic Adult T-Shirts!
at $5. each, postpaid. Total $____
____S, ____M, ____L, ____XL
____Yellow, ____Lt. Blue, ____Red
____Tan, ____White.

Please send me ____ children's T-Shirts
at $4.25 each, postpaid. Total $____
____6-8, ____10-12 ____14-16.
____Y, ____L.B. ____R, ____T, ____W.

Washington, D.C. residents, please add 5% sales tax.
Quantities are limited, so hurry!

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

The New Republic T-Shirt!
$5. in your choice - yellow, lt. blue, red, tan or white. S, M, L, XL.
Children's 6-8, 10-12, 14-16, $4.25.

The New Republic
1220 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had much success at anything of late.) At least in the beginning, the Protestants in the North had some reason to object to being ruled by the government Sinn Fein set up in the South in 1922. The Irish Free State, as it was called until it proclaimed the republic after the last war, had a lamentable economic record for its first 40 years or so. De Valera practically destroyed the cattle industry in a trade war with Britain in the 1930s and tried to make Ireland self-supporting in timber products. The Irish literary revival petered out with the coming of independence. (O'Casey lived in England because his plays were banned at home.) The southern state was thoroughly priest-ridden and a cultural wasteland.

But Free Ireland from the very beginning was a model democracy and showed perfect religious toleration. The Protestants in the South have been left in perfect peace, in the untroubled enjoyment of their property including most of the country's medieval churches, among them St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. The Catholic Church does keep a firm hand on the schools, which means that Protestant children have to go to Protestant schools, paid for by the state. But even that separation is wilting. Catholics used to be denounced by their bishops if they went to Trinity College Dublin, the country's best (and Protestant) university, but now that is all forgotten and relations between Trinity and the National University are close.

The dead hand of the Church has lifted, largely because of the deaths of several ancient and reactionary clerics. (Most of the cardinals who voted against John XXIII in Vatican II were Irish.) All political parties in the South have made it clear that they will repeal the various specifically Catholic provisions of the Irish constitution if reunification ever becomes a real possibility. Since the clauses don't actually mean anything, politicians prefer to leave them alone for the moment.

Ireland, though still a profoundly conservative country, is now much more liberal than it used to be. It is also much more prosperous. There was a radical change in economic policy when De Valera was finally pensioned off as president in 1959. A series of prime ministers since then scrapped Dev's ideas of saintly poverty and Celtic self-sufficiency and did their best to bring the country into the 20th century. They have succeeded to an astonishing degree, using free trade and foreign investment as their main instruments. Dublin is now booming and, for the first time, the North could seriously consider that it might be better off economically if it joined the South.

Britain subsidizes Ulster's social services, and it will be many years before Dublin would be able to afford to maintain Northern Irish unemployment payments at their present level. But if that was all, the British probably would be delighted to continue paying, just to get rid of the Irish.

It's not all, of course. US Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill fluttered many dovecotes the other day when he said, in Ireland, that Ulster was being used as a political football in Britain. Alas, it is worse than that. Ulster is being ignored. True, the British Labour government was brought down by the votes of the Ulster Unionists who sided with the Tories in Parliament last month. But Ulster played absolutely no part in the general election, except in its own 12 constituencies. The British really don't care any longer.

The only reason British troops are still in Northern Ireland is a fear that there would be a civil war if they left—a war the Catholics certainly would lose. A Protestant republic in Northern Ireland, with Ian Paisley as its ayatollah, quite possibly would drive several hundred thousand Catholics south. The Irish Republic could not very well intervene. A Dublin minister suggested once that the Irish army might progress about five miles beyond the border if it is invaded.

The only force that could unify Ireland today is the British army. If the British were to make it clear that Ireland must be reunited, and that the British army would stay in Ulster until its inhabitants agreed, the Protestants might at last accept this. They would very quickly discover that unification was perfectly tolerable, and the British could then go home. I don't think that's going to happen.

America's leading Irish Americans, Senators Edward Kennedy and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Tip O'Neill and Governor Hugh Carey of New York, produced an eminently sensible statement on Ireland for St. Patrick's Day, in which they denounced the "delay and neglect of the British Government." They went on to say, perfectly correctly, "In effect, Britain has allowed the Protestant majority to exercise a veto over all efforts to produce an acceptable resolution of the conflict." They recommend that Britain should "indicate its willingness to give active consideration and encouragement to the widely discussed proposals for a confederation or other constitutional arrangement linking Northern Ireland with the Republic."

The proposal is extremely vague, as it should be. In the past, Carey and others have recommended that Britain should pull out unilaterally, which would be a disaster. I don't suppose they really meant this. (Carey recently suggested Rhodesia-style international sanctions against Britain, and I hope he doesn't mean that either.) What these distinguished gentlemen are implying in their considered statement is that Britain should reconsider its promise, which has been kept for 60 years now, that the status of Northern Ireland will not be altered without the consent of the Protestant majority there.

It sounds very undemocratic. After all, the six counties have been an autonomous unit for all these years, and its majority certainly makes up a real community. At first blush, the demand sounds very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much like a suggestion that Israel should merge itself into a secular Palestinian state. There are, indeed, plenty of parallels between Northern Ireland and Israel, but the merits of the extreme solution are quite different. The Irish Protestants would be obliged to give up an illusion of self-determination, but otherwise they would lose nothing but their paranoia. Despite its independence, Ireland has remained part of the United Kingdom in economic matters (it shares the currency) and the personal links between the Irish and British people are far closer than those, say, between Canada and the US. More to the point, the North could set its own terms: the "confederation" with the Irish Republic could be as loose as it liked.

This is supposing that the South wanted the North. There is not much fellow feeling south of the border for the sufferings of Ulster, and the only reason for taking over the burden would be a sense of historical commitment and a realization that this was the only way to get peace there. Any moves down this road would cut out the IRA which is as unpopular in Ireland as it is in England. It also would cut out those preposterous American congressmen who are forever trying to make mileage out of the Irish problem for the most squalid demogogic reasons. I tend to share the general Irish view that people with names like Biaggi and Wolff should stay out of a family quarrel. Messrs. Kennedy, Moynihan et al seem to agree. They say, "It is irresponsible for any American private citizen or public official to compound the tragedy in Northern Ireland by activities that offer financial or other support to those engaged in violence or that lend themselves to the propaganda campaigns of those involved in the killing and destruction." Congressmen who allow themselves to be used by IRA front groups to bring pressure on the British to remove their troops are behaving in precisely this irresponsible manner.

Statements like that of America's Irish politicians on St. Patrick's Day serve several useful purposes. First, they reaffirm that responsible Irish-Americans will not give aid and comfort to murderers who have been repudiated by the great mass of the people of Ireland, North and South. They also remind the British government that Americans are concerned about human rights in Northern Ireland, and that the British violate them at their peril. There can be no doubt that the British army and police often rough up their prisoners, however much they protest that they don't.

Most important, the Kennedy-O'Neill approach prevents the British from brushing the Irish question under the carpet. The Irish question has lasted hundreds of years now and it is not likely to be settled soon, but there is no hope at all so long as the British ignore it.

The last British politician to come to grips with the problem was Edward Heath, who tried to persuade the Protestants to share the administration of Northern Ireland with the Catholics. The idea was defeated by a general strike and the collapse of the Heath government in 1974. But even that was treating the symptoms, not the causes: a worthy objective, like the attempted economic revival of Ulster, but insufficient. What is needed is a determined effort by the British government to settle the question, as Senator Kennedy suggests, with the advice and consent of the Republic and, if necessary, against the wishes of the million Ulster Protestants. Unfortunately, there is no sign that this will happen soon.

New lessons from the best-selling political philosopher of the 19th century.

Progress and Poverty Continued

by David Hapgood

Henry George was an obscure California printer-journalist when he sent off to publishers in New York a lengthy manuscript on political economy. After two rejections, George decided to publish the book himself. With the help of friends, he put out a small edition in San Francisco 100 years ago. This time the book attracted a New York publisher, and soon it came out in a commercial edition under the title *Progress and Poverty*.

Progress and Poverty was a publishing phenomenon. It became a worldwide best-seller, far outselling other contemporary books on political economy, including *Das Kapital*. George's ideas won illustrious converts such as Shaw, Tolstoy and Sun Yat-sen. They formed the basis for a political movement that was a significant though not successful force in American politics for

David Hapgood is the editor of *Focus*, the magazine of the American Geographical Society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several decades. George died in 1897, in the midst of his second campaign for mayor of New York City. The movement did not long outlive him, though a small Georgist cult persists to this day.

But George's concerns with taxes and with allocation of natural resources both have a modern ring. George began by asking: why is increasing wealth accompanied by deepening poverty? His question was evoked by the opulence and misery he found in New York City, and the same city a century later evokes the same question. The answer, George came to believe, lies in the role of the resource owner: those who hold title to the land and other gifts of nature. (Today we think of oil before land.) In George's view, the resource owner is an unproductive parasite who deprives both labor and capital of the just return on their productive efforts.

George questioned the resource owner's title to his property. This person holds one of the two factors from which all the goods we use are made. The other, of course, is human effort. No one this side of the Emancipation Proclamation would question the right of each of us to the products of our own labor, or the compensation we get for selling our labor. But the resource owner, unlike the laborer, did not make his property. The gifts of nature were not made by anyone—no one human, anyway. No landowner ever created an acre of real estate, and no Saudi ever made a barrel of crude oil. Of course, people farm land and build houses and factories on it, and others lift oil from the ground and refine it for our ultimate use. But that's human effort, and distinct from the ownership of the original resources.

Nor, George argued, does the resource owner give his property its value. The resources of nature in themselves have no economic value. When land is abundant beyond our needs as, for example, in the early days of European settlement in the New World—land has no market value at all. Even today one natural resource, the air we breathe, is so abundant that there is no market for it, though given enough pollution we may one day sprout a class of airlords.

The value of natural resources, and therefore their owner's income, rises not through any effort of his but because a growing population needs more of them, while the resources are forever fixed in quantity. The Manhattan real estate that once went for $24 is now worth billions to its owners; yet it's the same land. The only change is in the numbers of people who want to use that land.

The value of natural resources, then, is created by the public. And if we created that value, George said, are we not entitled to whatever return it brings? This may sound like a case for government ownership of resources, but this was not what George had in mind. George was a devout believer in Adam Smith's free market. He thought free individuals could manage property better than government, and he distrusted concentration of power in the state as much as in private hands. George believed that the public need not hold title to the resources of nature in order to collect the value that is the public's by right. George proposed that if we simply view the resource owner as a tenant on our commons—the commons being the value we created—we can treat him as any landlord would: make him pay the rent, in the form of taxes.

The resources tax would be the unearned income the owner of natural resources collects by the mere fact of ownership, as distinct from any return he earns through his own efforts. For example, take a piece of land suddenly made valuable because the public has paid for a highway that passes by the property. If the owner alertly puts up a fast-food stand, he's entitled to what he earns from the business he created. But we are entitled to a return on the property value *we* created with the highway: that's the rent we would charge him.

In the Georgist perspective this is the fairest of all taxes. Indeed, it is scarcely a tax at all, since society is just collecting the return on value it has created itself. A tax on the earnings of labor seems unjust by comparison, because it deprives the individual of what is rightfully his, the fruits of his own efforts. The same is true of a tax on the return to capital, to the extent that capital represents the unspent return of past labor and initiative.

Equally important—and here orthodox economics agrees with George—a natural resources "rental charge" is the rare tax that improves rather than distorts people's incentives. Tax labor, and people work less. Tax savings, and savings diminish. But tax land, and the supply remains the same, while the owner is forced to put it to more productive use.

George believed his social contract with nature would produce both equity and efficiency. We often are told these two elusive goals are contradictory, but George believed they are complementary. Most obviously, collecting the rent on resources would capture for society the greatest source of unearned income. Over human history, most great fortunes have been based, not on new ideas or productive effort, but on the mere ownership of resources needed by the rest of us. The prime symbol of unearned wealth has always been the large landowner snoozing away in the castle or plantation house while his slaves or serfs or tenants did all the work. Today the lords of oil have replaced him as the most spectacular resource hogs. Once that source of unearned wealth was cut off by the resource tax George believed, our economic life would become far more equitable.

George's resource tax would put natural resources in the hands of people who could put them to the most efficient use. This would happen because it would no longer pay to hoard the gifts of nature. The resource tax would make it unprofitable for anyone to own more resources—more land or mines or oil wells—than he could productively use; the hoarder would lose his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shirt. The property would go to someone who could use it better and therefore could afford to pay the rent.

The tax burden would shift dramatically, and this would cause us to use more of what we have in surplus, labor, and less of what's short, resources. Today the United States tax system collects only a tiny fraction of the rent on resources. If the full rent were collected, *all* taxes on productive human enterprise—on wages, on business, on buildings—could be drastically reduced. (Henry George thought that *all* other taxes could be abolished. That's why his cause is often referred to as the "single tax" movement. But that was a few wars ago.) Most people—everybody who earns a living by work and isn't sitting on a lot of unused resources—would be much better off. People who work would take home more of their earnings, entrepreneurs would lose less of their profits to taxes, businesses would be motivated to hire more employees, and, at the end of the line, the products of labor would be cheaper.

The cost of using natural resources would rise, and so would the price of products that make relatively heavy use of those resources. We would be motivated to use less petroleum, less land, less of all the irreplaceable gifts of nature. Thus the resource tax would exert a powerful force for conservation, and it could do so by acting on our incentives in a free market, without resorting to taxing gas guzzlers or subsidizing insulation or any of the other regulatory schemes that spawn like tadpoles in the Washington mud.

The most inviting target for Georgists today, as it was when Henry George wrote a century ago, is the American property tax. There really are two property taxes. One, the tax on buildings and other improvements, is a tax on the products of human effort. The other, the tax on the land itself, is a tax on the owner's use of our commons. (The distinction between the two parts of the property tax is seldom made. Certainly it was absent during the California debate over Proposition 13.) In practice, two-thirds or more of the total property tax falls on the buildings, not the land. But under George's sytem, the owner would be taxed the full rent on the land—the rent being how much he could get on the market if he rented it out empty—and much less, ideally nothing, on the buildings.

This simple if drastic change would radically affect how we use and misuse land. It would encourage the more intensive use of *less* land, reduce the suburban sprawl that is devouring the countryside, help small farmers, revive our ailing cities, lower the cost of shelter and, if uniformly applied, end the senseless wars among communities caused by the property tax. (Here again many traditional economists agree with George.) All this would come about thanks to the change in the landowner's incentives. Once the land rent was taxed away, owning land would no longer be profitable in itself. All that would pay would be the productive use of the land. Because people need only so much housing and factories and stores, the maximum use of the most valuable (because best located) land will result in less use of land overall.

Of course present landowners (and owners of other natural resources) bought their property for prices that reflected the scarcity value at the time. To wipe out that value overnight would not be fair. But a tax that appropriated future increase in value could have much the same effect in the long run.

Today speculation keeps the price of land high enough to deny many people, especially small farmers, its use. Small farmers sell out because of high land prices, and the buyer is likely to be Farmer ITT or some other speculator in overalls whose interest is in producing not food but capital gains on an eventual development. With a tax that collects the full rent, the speculator will drop out of the market, and the price will fall to what the land is worth for farming. If, as some evidence seems to show, small farmers use land better than do the agribusiness giants, we would see a revival of the family farm.

Now consider the urban slumlord who is holding on to a deteriorating property. Today if he improves the property, the tax bill will jump. Switch the tax to the land, and he can no longer afford merely to hang on without improving the property; take the tax off the buildings, and the owner can improve the property without being penalized.

The airwaves used for radio and television provide another opportunity to apply George's philosophy. Today government licenses access to the valuable frequencies. Henry George would point out that those airwaves are valuable only because they are scarce—limited by nature. George would auction those rights to the highest bidders, thereby recapturing substantial amounts for society—and taking government out of the business of deciding who shall have access to our eyes and ears.

Applying the gospel to fossil fuels, Henry George purists would insist that the resource should be taxed while it is still in the ground, which of course would motivate the owner to dig the stuff up and sell it. A modified version would be a tax on the resource when it actually is extracted. This tax, which already exists on a small scale, is called a severance tax.

With surprisingly little updating, Henry George, the self-taught American oddball, provides what could be a common platform for people now found at opposite ends of the ideological spectrum. Libertarians and socialists might both find attractive a doctrine that prizes equally the libertarian cause of freedom and the socialist cause of equity. Economic democracy is an attractive ideal that, as offered in our times, usually has come in a package that includes the prospect of bureaucratic tyranny. Henry George's social contract suggests a way to get from here to there with less, not more, governmental control over our working lives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Rights to Life

Whose Life Is It Anyway? (Trafalgar) began as a TV play and it still is one, although it's been on several stages and is now on Broadway. Since I'm using the term as a value judgment, I'll try to make clear what it means to me. First, I'm referring to plays written for TV, not adaptations; second, I'm discussing TV plays at their best which usually means British scripts. (Below the top level, they're not worth derogation.) A TV play lights on an easily definable subject—a concrete issue like drugs or euthanasia, or a social-personal problem like corroding values or the vitality of love—examines the subject with some fairness and frankness, and is expressed in dialogue of some sting and tartness. The point of the script is its subject, not the drama arising and taking over from the subject, which is true of good "non-TV" plays. Sooner rather than later, we become aware in the TV play of neatness: the strictures of time on TV press toward arrangement—not happy endings necessarily but a sense that the real reason for starting the thing was to finish it in 60 or 90 minutes. This subtle oppression by time-form underscores the aesthetic fact that the script is demonstration, no matter how effective, rather than drama. Turgenev said that he had long wanted to write a novel on the Young Generation and that it was crystallized for him by "the striking personality of a young provincial doctor." It was then that he began *Fathers and Sons*. This is not the customary sequence for TV writing.

Yes, Aristotle said that character is subsidiary to action, but he was speaking in an age when virtually all the plots (of serious plays) were known in advance and authors varied only in their treatment of them. Yes, there are plays/series on TV that are exceptions to the description above. The British series *The Glittering Prizes* by Frederic Raphael struck me as such an exception: its shortcomings were those of the author, not of the process. But the TV play as described is so common as to provide a useful critical term. Brian Clark's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* is a TV play: a humane inquiry into the right of a hopelessly disabled, hospitalized person to end his life. The key word is person. Color it Fred or Harry or, as Clark does, Ken.

Ken was in a car accident and his spine was snapped; he will never again move his arms and legs. Clark dresses him in characteristics. Ken is Scottish, which gives him a wry accent; young, which gives his future a long perspective; witty and sexy and bright, which gives his condition snobbish garlands of sentiment. (Snobbish because it appeals to bonds of superiority between him and us. Clark would not risk his case with a stolid Ken, less bright than ourselves, although the paralysis would be no whit less grim.) Gary Jay Williams, reviewing the Washington production of this play some months ago (*Theater*, Spring 1979), noted that Clark has made Ken a sculptor so that the idea of immobility-as-end hovers aptly over the play and that, equally aptly, Ken has driven away his fiancée before the curtain rises and has already had his last visit from his parents. Thus he has been stripped of emotional attachments.

All these factors do not create a man, they construct a protagonist who is a polemic instance. Clark never convinces us that he is interested in Ken: his interest is in the theme. He certifies this by rigging a supporting cast of puppets: the sympathetic woman doctor, the blinkered-by-duty medical chief, the draconian head nurse, the shy new nurse, with whom—surprise!—an orderly flirts. Clark is serious, writes reasonably supple dialogue and has a smidgen of wit. What he doesn't show as yet is an ability to make his play grow out of his people, to imply that, like Pirandello's Six Characters, these *people* have absolutely demanded a theater in which to present themselves.

Tom Conti, who was in *The Glittering Prizes*, plays Ken—with his head alone, of course. His performance is good but, for a competent actor, easy. It's the sort of part that, as they say in the theater, an actor would pay to play: it's "in" before it begins. Jean Marsh, inflated to theater stardom by TV success (*Upstairs, Downstairs*), is the doctor and doesn't act, she dispenses English toffee. Philip Bosco, the medical chief, is a good actor fallen upward, into the higher registers of his voice. He was up there last year in *Saint Joan*, and he hasn't come down yet. Does he think this gives him "modernity"—to contrast with all the classical roles we've seen him in? The director, Michael Lindsay-Hogg, shows a grip here equivalent to what he showed in the film *Nasty Habits*; movement, rhythm, interplay are all orchestrated nicely. Alan Tagg, whose rightly precise set for *Hedda Gabler* I saw at the Royal Court in London in 1972, does the rightly quasi-abstract setting here. It combines the rectangular reality of hospital rooms and—by using a few panels of ceiling lights instead of an actual ceiling—a suggestion of the immensity that the protagonist is facing.

The Elephant Man by Bernard Pomerance, which I reviewed off-Broadway (February 17, 1979), has been moved to Broadway (the Booth), and the transplant is working. David Jenkins's set, a bit enlarged, now gives the

Films Worth Seeing

The China Syndrome. Smashing thriller on a horribly topical subject—nuclear-energy accident. Worrisome attributions of villainy but sizzling excitement.

The Deer Hunter. Gradually weakening script sustained by fine acting in a drama of male rituals, from US to Vietnam and back.

Norma Rae. Labor organizing in the deep South today. Slightly naive, enormously moving. Sally Field is splendid.

Richard Pryor, Live in Concert. A fast hour and 20 minutes. The first quarter-hour is savagely funny, the rest is stand-up comedy but good.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

director Jack Hofsiss a chance to get more fluency out of the movements around the edges, to give these peripheral actions a feeling of respite and preparation that helps the texture. (I still don't like seeing the cellist—the source of the play's incidental music—sitting at the side. Why must we always be aware of how careful he is not to move during action in the center? Why does he have to be visible?) Beverly Emmons's lighting is better articulated here. Almost all the actors are the same as before, and all are just as good as before except that Carole Shelley as the actress now spins out her pauses right to the last split second that they will bear. Only one of the two pinhead girls now appears to the dying Merrick (the Elephant Man), which is a loss, but the very last spotlighting of the church model is out, which is a gain.

A second viewing makes the play at least as enticing as before, a good work with great ambition. Its assets now seem stronger: the large theme of the arbitrariness of existence, posed against a hunger for design—in everyone but especially in Merrick. The weaknesses are now a bit clearer too: the occasional soft patches in the lean, evocative dialogue; the patness of such moments as the doctor's entrance just when the actress bares her bosom for Merrick; the fact that the play's metaphors don't sufficiently deepen.

This last defect—the major one—arises because Pomerance hasn't fixed the *center* of the play. It begins as the drama of Treves, the doctor who finds Merrick; then most of the action focuses on Merrick; and only near the end, by means of a lengthy scene between Treves and the bishop, does Pomerance try to move the focus back to the doctor. It's a good scene, but it can't quite do that job. This split is what makes the second act waver a bit and what keeps the metaphors visible, rather than ingested. Admittedly, it's difficult to keep Treves at the center because Merrick is more theatrical. To cite a lofty analogy, it's the problem that Melville faced in *Billy Budd*, in which Vere is the protagonist but Billy takes the stage. The slight muzziness of that wonderful work comes from the attraction of the experience (Billy) over the experiencer (Vere). The greater muzziness of this lesser work comes from the same trouble.

But, having seen seven more candidates since February, I can still maintain that this is the best new American play since 1972, the year of Shepard's *Tooth of Crime*.

Dispatches (Martinson). To some degree I've admired everything Elizabeth Swados has done, from her music for Andrei Serban's *Trilogy* to her recent children's musical, *The Incredible Feeling Show*. I'm sad to report that this "rock-war musical," based on Michael Herr's book, is bad. It doesn't pass the fundamental test that Herr's book passes easily. Herr—anyway, one feels this—waited 10 years or so before he published his book about the Vietnam War so that he could test every line, bite every phrase, to make sure that it was not counterfeit or trite, to make sure that he was adding to our knowledge and imagination of the war, to avoid any suspicion in *himself* of exploitation. None of this applies to Swados's musical. Apparently she was hugely moved by Herr's book, and she kept her rendering simple: little dramatization, just various members of the cast of 11 performing numbers while a seven-piece band sits on a ledge above them and the lights change. But her settings of various passages of Herr's prose, done in her regular range of pop styles, contribute nothing. (Worse, if it weren't for the electric sign above the stage that flashes some of the words, we wouldn't even understand some of the over-miked songs.) Good songs, as hard and fresh in their own way as Herr's prose, might possibly have added something to the book. But these songs seem merely to be riding on the book. There was no point in this show unless it could *add*. As is, it risks the charge of exploitation.

Swados remains the most adventurous artist in our musical theater. On to her next.

Postscript. Speaking of Swados: I've just seen again—for the eighth time—the La Mama Theater production of *Fragments of a Trilogy*, directed by Serban, with music by Swados (*TNR*, November 23, 1974). I'd like to see these magnificent versions of three Greek plays every year, because of such actors as Priscilla Smith, Joanna Peled and William Duff-Griffin, because of Serban's imaginative vault and, certainly not least, the thrilling music. But *Trilogy* has been revived only because the La Mama company has been invited to Jerusalem to perform it. It may never be revived again. What a cultural disgrace it is, in our humdrum theater, that means are not available to keep this company together permanently, working under Serban, with Swados, to move further among the mountain ranges of drama.

William Youngren on classical records

Last month, discussing some recent Stravinsky recordings by Colin Davis and James Levine, I made the point that it is Pierre Boulez who has given us the performances of Stravinsky's works that we now use as a standard by which to measure the performances of other conductors. I had more to say about Boulez—both about records he has made and ones he has not—but I ran out of space. So I will say it now.

First there is a recent record with the New York Philharmonic (Columbia M-43552) of three works by the interesting minor composer Edgard Varèse. Varèse, a Frenchman born in 1883 who lived in this country from 1915 until his death in 1965, was powerfully influenced by the Stravinsky of *Sacre*. He conceived scores for vast orchestras with vast percussion sections that often included a siren or two, scores held together—in the virtual absence of harmonic or melodic interest—by great rhythmic invention and a fascinating manipulation of bizarre textures. *Amériques* (1922), *Arcana* (1927), and the well-known *Ionisation* (1931), for percussion and piano alone, are all brilliantly performed by Boulez on this record but, listened to all at once, are perhaps a bit too much of a good thing.

By contrast there is Berlioz's great song-cycle, *Les Nuits d'été*, which Boulez has also recently recorded, with the BBC Symphony and singers Yvonne Minton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Stuart Burrows (Columbia M-34563). Boulez's performance of this work on a Cleveland Orchestra broadcast of about 10 years ago was a revelation. The orchestral part had a dash and fire and (at other moments) a speaking inwardness that I had never heard before. Nor do I hear them on this record, on which the orchestral playing is admirable but not even close to that on the broadcast. And the singers are dreadful. Minton's heavy crooning and shaky intonation, Burrows's strained nasal whining and the bad French of both make the record very difficult to listen to. (I did not in fact listen to Minton's singing of Berlioz's less interesting *La Mort de Cléopâtre*, which fills out the second side.) The harsh-voiced Judith Raskin, who sang on the Cleveland broadcast, at least maintained a consistent air of passionate conviction. Why wasn't this great performance recorded while it was still great, and with a singer or singers worthy of it?

But here we are up against the question of Boulez's puzzling (not to say maddening) career as a conductor. His performances of Stravinsky, along with those of Debussy and other 20th-century composers such as Varèse, have held firm over the years. But most of his finest performances of pre-20th-century music, including much of the standard repertory, were not recorded and have now either deteriorated or simply disappeared. In offering this criticism I must immediately dissociate myself from the myth—widely disseminated, I gather, by Harold Schonberg and his hardy band of philistines at the *Times* from the moment Boulez came to the Philharmonic to the moment he left—that he is a cold, impersonal conductor, unable to rise to the emotional demands of classical, let alone romantic and post-romantic, music. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In about 1968, with the Cleveland Orchestra, Boulez broadcast the greatest Beethoven Second Symphony I have ever heard--great not because of some cold-blooded revelation of "structure" but because of the rhetorical breadth of the first-movement introduction, the gaiety and swing of the finale, the warmth and balance of the whole. While he was Szell's chief guest conductor at Cleveland, Boulez also did enchanting performances of early Schubert symphonies, to which he gave a sweetness and charm unheard since Cantelli. And in those years there were great performances of Mozart concertos, the greatest a K. 467 extracted from Casadesus, whose customary way with Mozart was tinkly and miniaturizing. Cantelli, under equally unfavorable conditions, had 15 or so years earlier extracted an equally great K. 467 from the aging Gieseking. But in the slow movement Boulez attained an inwardness and intimacy totally different from Cantelli's straightforward openness. And the slow movement of a Beethoven Emperor with John Browning was similarly inward and intimate. There were also a Berlioz *Romeo and Juliet* that matched Toscanini's great 1947 performance, a Haydn *Sinfonia Concertante* (with the Boston Symphony) that was breathtaking in its blend of ease and urgency, and a Bayreuth *Parsifal* that scraped decades of varnish from the score to reveal freshness and lyricism and autumnal sadness one had never suspected were there.

What became of these performances? The only Beethoven symphony Boulez has ever recorded is the Fifth, perverse and pedantic in its slow tempos and exaggerated phrasing. And the Beethoven symphonies that I heard broadcast during the Philharmonic years were undistinguished. As for the Schubert symphonies and Mozart concertos, they never got on records at all—and a recently broadcast Schubert Fifth was dull and spiritless compared with the earlier Cleveland one. Nor did the *Romeo* or the Haydn *Sinfonia Concertante*, and by the time the *Parsifal* was recorded, at the 1970 Bayreuth Festival, it was far less fine than the first, arresting performance of 1966. Moreover, many of the best performances that did get on records are seriously flawed. Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* (Columbia M3-30119) is superb, but Boulez, as he explains in an essay in the album booklet, was determined to demonstrate the influence of Wagner on the work. While the influence is admittedly important and often overlooked, the single-mindedness with which Boulez pursued his pedagogical goal led him to play many passages more loudly and robustly than Debussy's score directs. Also, not one of the singers is a native speaker of French. Even in Berg's *Wozzeck* (Columbia M2-30852), for which Boulez creates an orchestral context of astonishing clarity and coherence, much of the *Sprechstimme* and even some of the singing are delivered at pitches quite different from those indicated in the score.

I don't know what to make of all this. Friends whom I respect suggest darkly that the *Times* critics and the politics of the recording business are to blame. But I don't believe it. Surely Boulez, though no Bernstein or Ormandy on the sales charts, could, after 1970 or so, have recorded pretty much whatever he wanted with whomever he wanted. Surely he could have run his conducting and recording life as rationally and tidily as Davis and Levine have run theirs. Of course Boulez has bigger fish to fry: he is a composer, whose delightful *Le Marteau sans maître* has found its way into the permanent repertory, probably to be followed soon by *Pli selon pli* and perhaps other works. And one gathers that he is now a sort of cultural czar in the France he angrily left so many years ago. I have no answers to offer, only deep regret that the greatest conductor, and probably the greatest musician, of our time has chosen to let slip through his fingers the chance to leave a permanent record of the range and quality of his interpretive genius.

Meanwhile, Levine rolls merrily along. Two months ago, discussing the Leonhardt Consort's disappointing new recording of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* (ABC Seon 67020), I argued that any "authenticity" gained by performing these and other baroque works on original instruments was of no value if the instruments were not played beautifully and if the performances did not have rhythmic life. As if heavensent, *Brandenburgs* Nos. 2 and 5, brilliantly played by Levine and the first-desk players of the Chicago Symphony (RCA ARL1-2788), have just arrived to help me make my point.

In contrast to the chugging rhythm and unpleasant-sounding playing on the Leonhardt No. 2, what one notices first about Levine's version is its light easy swing, its elastic springing beat. The murderously difficult high trumpet part is played not only with assurance but also with suavity and eloquence by Adolph Herseth—who, it should be noted, is the Chicago's regular first trumpet and not a baroque specialist. The second movement, as is usual nowadays, is taken a shade faster than I would like it. But although the continuo, led by the great Frank Miller who was for many years Toscanini's principal

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now in paperback

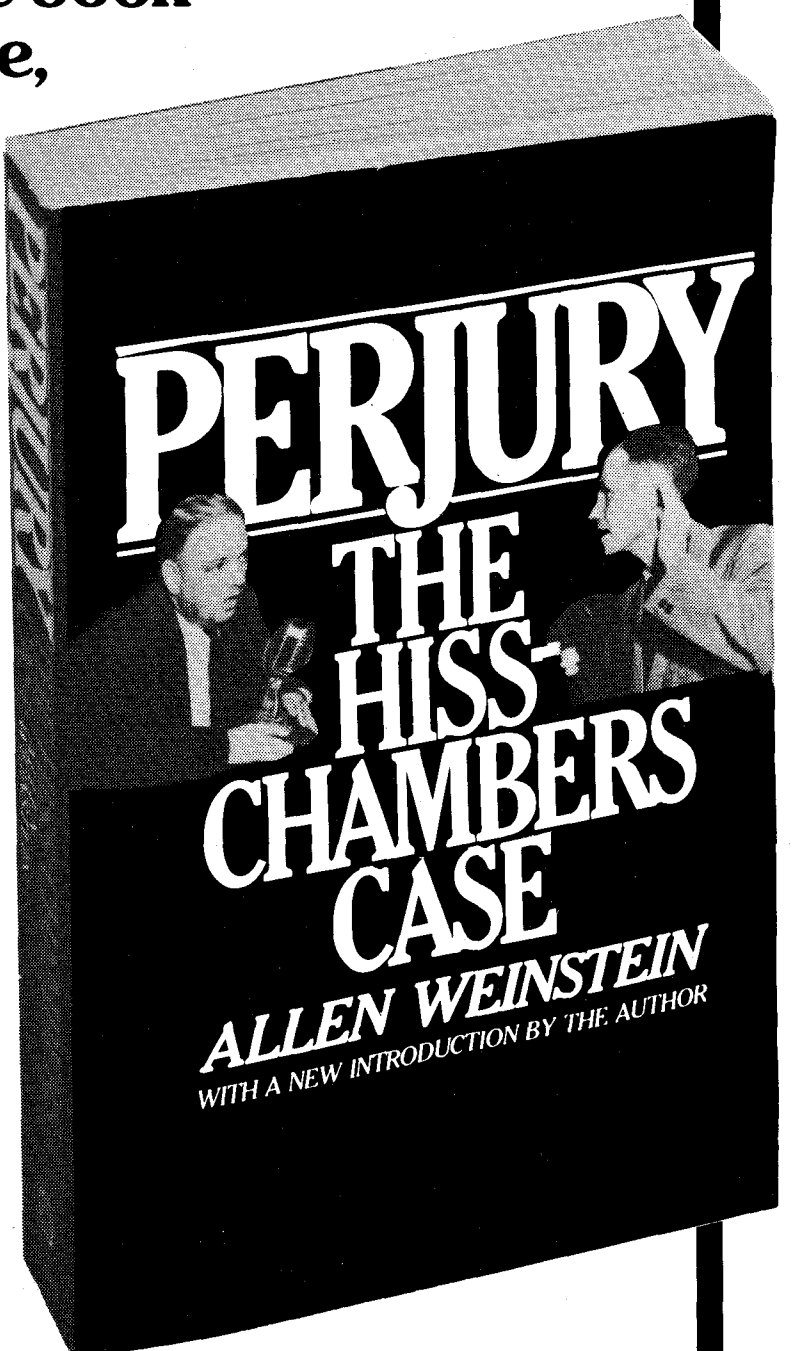
"So far as any one book can dispel a large, historical mystery, this book does it, magnificently."

—GARRY WILLS,
New York Review of Books

"After this book it is impossible to imagine anything new in the case except an admission by Alger Hiss."
—ALFRED KAZIN, *Esquire*

"Lucidly written, impressively researched, closely argued."—IRVING HOWE, front page *N.Y. Times Book Review*

$6.95, now at your bookstore



from Vintage
a division of Random House

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cellist in the NBC Symphony, moves along steadily and forcefully, the solo flute, oboe and violin lay down their phrases so languidly and effortlessly that there is no loss in expression due to the quick tempo. The finale is joyous and ebullient, with Herseth showing a greater variety of approach—now up-front, now holding back—than most trumpet-players, only too glad just to hack through the notes, ever manage to bring to this music.

No. 5 is equally fine. In the first movement Levine's tempo is a little slower than Leonhardt's, again swinging easily but with the added ceremonial weight appropriate to this work. In comparison Leonhardt's version sounds rushed and perfunctory. Levine himself plays the harpsichord here, as he did not in No. 2, and he is splendid. It is interesting, though, that while Leonhardt's ensemble is throughout far less expressive than Levine's, Leonhardt himself plays the great cadenza in the first movement even better than Levine because more expressively, more dramatically and flamboyantly, with greater variation of tempo and texture. The other two movements of Levine's performance are fully as satisfying as what has preceded.

In these two performances, then, we hear inauthentic instruments (except for the harpsichord), but we hear them played with tonal beauty and expressive life: instead of the wheezy baroque violin of Leonhardt's recording we have Samuel Magad's strong and sure lines; instead of the feeble puffing of Leonhardt's recorder-player we have the grave and powerful low and middle registers of flutist Donald Peck; and instead of the cackling Baroque oboe we have the extraordinary and justly famous Ray Still—of whom more in a moment. Throughout, the solo instruments sensitively pick up and comment upon one another's phrases in exactly the way the music demands—an achievement within the reach only of players who have played together a long time and know one another inside out.

Why on earth, I wondered, would Levine choose to back up such memorable performances with the charming but insignificant *Wedding Cantata* (BWV 202) instead of wedging in another *Brandenburg* or two? Two-thirds of the way through the side I got my answer: suddenly, there was Ray Still, playing the oboe more beautifully than I had ever heard it played. I have always thought the oboe the most expressive of wind instruments—one of the great delights of my childhood was the spotless oboe solo, played staccato and very fast but with each note round and firm as a tropical fruit, on Toscanini's 1938 BBC recording of Rossini's Overture to *La Scala di Seta*. (Years later I learned that Toscanini had personally edited the oboe part and had sent it ahead in manuscript, weeks before his departure for London, so that the BBC's Terence MacDonough could practice it.) The aria on which Still is featured is a jaunty and gracious peasant dance celebrating the joys of (just barely) premarital love: "*Sich üben im Lieben, im Scherzen sich herzen, ist besser als Florens vergängliche Lust.*" (Roughly: To become practiced at love, to caress in a spirit of fun, is better than springtime's mere passing desire.) Still's rich tone, sensitive phrasing and immense rhythmic authority when soloing are, if anything, surpassed by the miraculous tact and grace with which he plays behind the strong pure singing of the fine young soprano Kathleen Battle, not merely accompanying her but partnering her, like a great male dancer. Apropos of the photographs of *Le Spectre de la rose*, Edwin Denby once wrote that Nijinsky's thigh was more expressive than most people's faces; paraphrasing Denby, I would say that Ray Still, simply sitting on a low E, is more expressive than most oboists playing the most passionate and varied solo one could imagine. In "serious" music we almost never hear wind or brass playing that possesses the total technical and expressive mastery of the greatest string playing—for that we must go to the great jazz instrumentalists: Beiderbecke, Armstrong, Ben Webster, a handful of others. But that is precisely what Ray Still has given us here, and on the basis of this record alone I would number him among the finest musical artists of our time. What a pity that the repertory in which we can hear him to best advantage is so limited!

Men at Arms
by Evelyn Waugh

(Little, Brown; $8.95, $3.95 paper)

Officers and Gentlemen
by Evelyn Waugh

(Little, Brown; $8.95, $3.95 paper)

The End of the Battle
by Evelyn Waugh

(Little, Brown; $8.95, $3.95 paper)

"Oh dear," the languorous Lord Sebastian says in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, "it's very difficult being a Catholic." Later in the novel Sebastian's dazzling sister offers what appears to be the second half of the proposition: "The worse I am, the more I need God." These are English Catholics, of course, aristocratic members of an embattled minority. One cannot imagine Catholics elsewhere feeling their intimacy with sin and complication to be quite so glamorous or exclusive.

Waugh was received into the Catholic Church in England in 1930, when he was 26. His books suggest that his faith was always a lonely, exalted affair; a discipline, a demand, a mode of prevention, a spiritual style. The belief that lends intensity to the writing of Graham Greene, for example, afforded Waugh only a thin shield against despair. It permitted him, in his novels, to sprinkle a few dry hearts with distinction.

Waugh died in 1966, and *The End of the Battle*, first published in 1961, was his last work of fiction. It is also the last volume in a trilogy called *Sword of Honour*, written over a period of 10 years or so. The other volumes are *Men at Arms* (1952) and *Officers and Gentlemen* (1955). The trilogy is usually thought to be about war, and in one obvious sense it is. Its story begins in 1939, with the signing of the Russian-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German pact, and ends in early 1945, with the European war drawing to a close. There is an epilogue set in 1951, when England is given over to what Waugh sees as all sorts of awfulness, like inferior champagne, hired evening dress and preparations for the Festival of Britain. The war haunts the work like six years of strange weather, with its bombs, blackouts, ration books, gas masks, gloomy training camps and ludicrous, confused skirmishes. It is a chance for some, trouble or death for others. It is a time of retreats and desertions, and even in London you are less likely to be hit in a raid than run over by a friendly Red Cross ambulance. For Guy Crouchback, the diffident and depressed hero of the trilogy, his war, as he puts it, is "half an hour's scramble on the beach near Dakar; an ignominious rout in Crete."

But then Guy's perspective on the war, like that of his author, is very personal, and it is for this reason that war is only the apparent subject of the work. Guy is a likeable, reactionary member of an old Catholic family—his father acknowledges no English monarch later than James II. His wife has left him; he broods over his failure to keep her. He lives in Italy, thinks of fascism as a "rough improvisation" rather than a horror; is sympathetic to Franco, hostile to Hitler, and mainly worried about communism. For him the Russian-German pact is an inestimable boon. It brought, Waugh says with an echo of the poetry of an earlier war, "deep peace to one English heart":

> *He expected his country to go to war in a panic, for the wrong reasons or for no reason at all, with the wrong allies, in pitiful weakness. But now, splendidly, everything had become clear. The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms.*

After two years Guy, who has been commissioned in what is described as "an unfashionable regiment of infantry," realizes that he is entirely alone in his crusade against the age, indeed, that there has been no crusade, merely the solitary ride of an English Quixote who can't even manage to get posted to a decent battle. So he leaves his "Holy Land of illusion" and returns to "the old ambiguous world." It looks, then, as though Waugh's concern is with Guy's old-fashioned innocence and its fate in an intricate modern war. It is true that Guy has his noble sillinesses—"Sometimes he imagined himself serving the last mass for the last Pope in a catacomb at the end of the world"—and it is true that Waugh sometimes suggests that the civilization the war was supposedly being fought for was only a parody of civilization anyway. But since the war, piecemeal and pointless, is seen mainly through Guy's eyes and is *everywhere* seen as conforming to Guy's sense of it as a network of shabby, competing conspiracies, there is finally no correction to Guy's innocence. It *is* the Modern Age in arms, and *Sword of Honour*, plainly, is less about war than it is about loss—loss of honor itself, of course, but also loss of grace and ceremony and leisure and rank.

Guy admires regular soldiers for the delicacy of their assertions of authority over their subordinates, and sees them as "survivals of a happy civilization where differences of rank were exactly defined and frankly accepted." There is a faint irony here, because Waugh knows such times are gone; but there is no mistaking his approval of this order of things. The titles alone of the volumes of the trilogy tell us a great deal. *Men at Arms* turn out to be boys returned to school, aping the exploits of a better day, thoughtless agents of the new world rather than defenders of the old. *Officers and Gentlemen* turn out to be two classes of people rather than one: gentlemen who were officers have been succeeded by officers who are only officers. The original title of the third volume is *Unconditional Surrender*. Too bleak and too Tory, I take it, for an American publisher, but its implication is horribly clear: *no one* won the last war except the ogres of the Modern Age itself, these monsters at home and abroad who are dedicated to the destruction of all civilization which is not a parody.

"Hopelessly upper class," a journalist (himself a peer) says about the commando group Guy joins on secondment from his unfashionable regiment, and something of the same kind must be said about Waugh. He was hopelessly addicted to privilege, and he was without the excuses of birth, stupidity or insufficient education. He had no sense of history and little interest in politics. He could see war only as an emblem or as a ragged personal experience, a scramble up a beach or disorderly escape from a Mediterranean island. The word *justice* echoes rather piously throughout the trilogy—it is what the Modern Age cares least about—but the only justice Waugh could imagine was one which successful-

IMMORTALITY: MYTH OR REALITY?

A new Basic Pamphlet by CORLISS LAMONT

Dr. Lamont, philosopher and author, ponders a paramount issue in the history of religion and philosophy, objectively analyzing the idea of immortality through the methods of reason, science and common sense. Tracing the concept of survival after death from the Old Testament Hebrews down to the present day, he reaches agreement with the traditional religions that body and soul are so intimately linked that some sort of body is necessary for a worthwhile immortality. Bodily resurrection is the best solution, but can human beings in this age of science possibly believe in such an outcome?

If the idea of immortality is only a beautiful myth, Dr. Lamont concludes that humanity's main goal must be to build a better and happier life for everyone on this beleaguered planet. And immortality, he suggests, might at least be possible for the human race.

Order your copy today. Send 50¢ in coin or check to
BASIC PAMPHLETS
Dept. NR, Box 42, New York, N.Y. 10025

Special prices on bulk orders: 3 copies, $1.00—10 copies, $3.50—20 copies $6.50—50 copies or more, 40% discount

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly fought off everything which looked like equality. Toward the end of the third volume a Jewish woman Guy is trying to get out of Yugoslavia wonders about it all:

> *It is too simple to say that only the Nazis wanted war. These Communists wanted it too. It was the only way in which they could come to power. . . . It seems to me there was a will to war, a death wish, everywhere. Even good men thought their private honour would be satisfied by war. They could assert their manhood by killing and being killed. . . . I knew Italians—not very many perhaps—who felt this. Were there none in England?*

Guy says, "God forgive me. I was one of them." The woman's thinking is perfectly sensible, and Guy's response is decent and honest. But as a view of the war it is disconcertingly meager, a mixture of convention and home-made psychology. War is not a good thing, and people have all sorts of motives. And this is *all there is*. Waugh has nothing to say about the causes or the course of the war, or its effects on the people who suffered it, except to imply now and again that the Russian fire is obviously worse than the German frying pan. But don't look too closely. It's only the Modern Age in arms.

Sword of Honour is better written, but not as wise or as generous or as funny as the middle volumes of Anthony Powell's *A Dance to Music of Time*, which cover the same period. But it remains the work of a comic master. Less brilliant, less brittle than *Decline and Fall* or *Vile Bodies*, a good deal more disciplined than *Brideshead Revisited*, it is full of extraordinary passages and phrases and people. There is Guy's Uncle Peregrine, "a bore of international repute whose dread presence could empty the room in any centre of civilization." There is the thoughtful general who visits Guy's battery on the coast of Cornwall, stands with his back to the sea, gazes inland, and says there isn't much "field of fire." "No, sir," Guy says. "We expect the enemy from the other direction."

Each volume has a shady character whose lamentable career holds up a cloudy mirror to Guy's sad dignity. Apthorpe, for example, is a parody of the officer Guy is trying to be. He conducts a feud with his Brigadier about the use of a field-latrine (known as his "thunderbox"), and boasts about his dreary prep school and his stately aunt in Tunbridge Wells. "His claims to distinction," Waugh remarks with impeccably underplayed snobbery, "were not what an imposter would invent in order to impress." Trimmer, in the second volume, is an ex-hairdresser who accidentally becomes a hero. He stumbles into occupied France when he is supposed to be looking for an island near Jersey. Terrified, he stumbles off again, and receives a splendid citation because his men have probably killed an old French lady. Meanwhile he has become the lover of Guy's former wife, now much come down in the world. "Glasgow in November 1940," Waugh says in another, even more extravagant understatement, "was not literally a *ville lumière*."

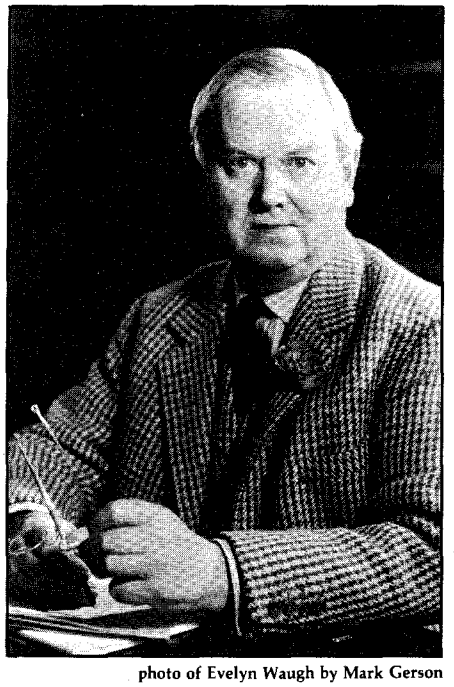


photo of Evelyn Waugh by Mark Gerson

Finally there is Ludovic, who killed a major and drowned a captain while escaping from Crete, and has since become a best-selling author. A critic remarks on the Drowned Man motif in Ludovic's writing. "Had you Eliot consciously in mind?" "Not Eliot," Ludovic says rather nervously. "I don't think he was called Eliot." Ludovic is the most sinister figure in the whole work, but he too has a relation to Guy, since Guy's kindness, like Ludovic's lack of scruple, has a way of bringing people to their death. At the end of the first volume Apthorpe, suffering from a tropical disease, is finished off by the gift of whisky Guy has brought him; and at the end of the last volume the woman who talked to Guy about the will to war is facing a People's Court in Yugoslavia because of Guy's attempts to rescue her. A People's Court, needless to say, is in Waugh's view the equivalent of a lynching.

Waugh's comedy cannot be converted to realism, rescued for ordinary modes of seriousness, mainly, I think, because his ignorance of history and politics is reinforced by a complete indifference to psychology. A Major Hound, for example, is a coward because Waugh wants him to be—doomed by his silly name. Ludovic kills his two victims because he is a Bad Character, and because Waugh needs these deaths for a later bit of comic business. Ludovic has also saved Guy's life, but thinks Guy is after him for his crimes. Guy knows nothing of Ludovic's crimes and merely wishes to thank him. When Guy invites him out to dinner it was, Waugh says, "as though Banquo had turned host." But comedy of this kind can be edged toward parable, and this, in my view, is where the force of the trilogy lies.

Right at the beginning of the work, when he sets out from his home in Italy, Guy stops at the church to pay his respects to the bones of a stranded medieval knight, a Roger of Waybroke, a man whose way was broken indeed, since he got lost en route for the Crusades, and was killed in a local squabble. He was not a saint, but he is venerated as such by the people of Guy's village, and he is, of course, the secular patron of Guy's failed adventures, and perhaps of the whole ambiguous world in which Guy must at last settle down. To say that the world has gone astray is not a new thought, but it is an improvement on an undifferentiated hatred of the modern, since we can at least wonder where the true path was, and if there ever was one. But Waugh has more subtle parables than this.

Ivor Claire is a haughty officer, a magnificent horseman and the indulgent owner of a Pekinese called Freda. Plodding old Guy finds him a thoroughly romantic figure, "the fine flower of them all." "He was quintessential England," Guy thinks, "the man Hitler had not taken into account." Some time later, waiting to surrender on the island of Crete, Guy and Ivor have an odd conversation about the changed meaning of honor. A hundred and fifty years ago it was dishonorable to refuse a duel, now it's dishonorable to desert; perhaps in the future all officers will be ordered to desert when their men surrender. Finally Ivor says "The path of

Coming:

Ronald Steel on

FDR's Foreign Policy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honour lies up the hill," and goes off. Guy learns later that Ivor actually sneaked away on one of the last boats, leaving his men behind. And yet, whisked away from a looming court martial by influence in high places, Ivor later volunteers for action in Burma and becomes a hero. He was not a coward, he was merely a modern man, for whom there was no honor in defeat.

Guy distinguishes between Ivor's "will to win" and his own "acceptance of sacrifice." The distinction is crucial, because it clarifies the other, more challenging meaning of Waugh's original title for the third volume. Unconditional surrender is not all loss. There is honor in it, even virtue, because it is irreconcilable with pride. Guy's trouble is apathy and sadness, the opposite of the will to win. "Father, I wish to die," he says at confession on one occasion. "Yes," the priest says automatically. "How many times?" "Almost all the time." The priest asks Guy if he is accusing himself of despair, and Guys says no, only of presumption, because he is not fit to die. The priest says this is not a sin, but "a mere scruple." Finally Guy, who can no longer love anyone, least of all himself or life, is given his chance. His former wife is pregnant by the terrible Trimmer, and if he marries her again the child can be brought up as a Catholic, and generally saved from the fate of unwanted wartime children. Better still, Guy himself will look totally ridiculous, a cuckold after the fact, and he will accept this sacrifice of all appearances. Unconditional surrender: the scourging of self, the secret perfection of humility.

Guy's gesture is well-intentioned, the question is delicate and beautifully posed. If honor hides in such strange recesses, where else may it hide, even in the Modern Age? But what Guy achieves is not renewed life, or even sacrifice in any serious sense. What he achieves is a lonely moral elegance, misunderstood by everyone. I return to English Catholicism, or at least Waugh's view of it, and the distinction of dry hearts. Guy's heart is as dry as ever, and we are faced with the saddest, most minimal of religious promises: you may be redeemed, but it won't make any difference that you can see.

Michael Wood

Michael Wood is a professor of English at Columbia and author of *America in the Movies* (Basic).

The Third World War: August 1985 by General Sir John Hackett and others

(Macmillan; $12.95)

After many years during which reasonable men could not reasonably believe that war was possible—a big war that is, with Russians and Americans and nuclear weapons too—there is now the uncomfortable feeling that a big war may be possible after all. For the first time since 1945, the classic conditions are present: in the Soviet Union we now have a power that is about to reap the fruits of its steady long pull in military preparedness, and which at the same time is facing a rather troubled future. The result is a fatal combination of operational optimism in the near term (a favorable ground military balance, approaching equality in airpower, naval adequacy and strategic-nuclear superiority) with strategic pessimism for the long term due to economic decline, negative demographic trends with non-Russians increasing in the population, the diminishing appeal of the official ideology, and then of course China, now again on the move. Things are not totally rosy on the short-term military/operational side, and not all black in the long-term strategic side—for one thing the Soviet Union's diminished growth rates are still quite a bit better than our own. But it is now more likely than not that the Soviet political leadership will find itself caught in the great squeeze, under a powerful pressure to exploit its "window" of military advantage in the 1980s, in order to avert the bleak future awaiting it in the 1990s. And that of course is how wars begin when no Hitler is around to launch aggression on his own initiative.

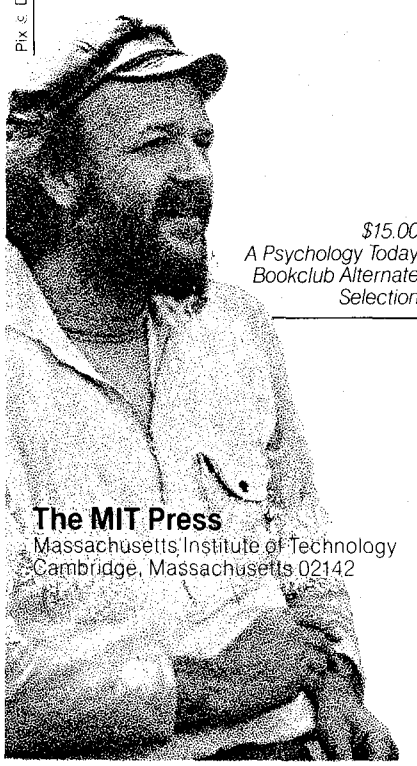
Defining "human nature" is a political act.

It was sociobiological ideas about human inequality—"survival of the fittest," for example—that laid the foundations on which Hitler built the Holocaust. And today, argues a well-known neuropsychologist, similarly "scientific" concepts of human nature are influencing public attitudes toward IQ testing, crime and violence, racial conflicts, psychosurgery, and other issues. Questioning the very basis of sociobiological theories, Stephan Chorover provides a lively, forcefully argued analysis of the relationship between psychology and politics, meaning and power.

From Genesis to Genocide

The Meaning of Human Nature and the Power of Behavior Control

Stephan L. Chorover



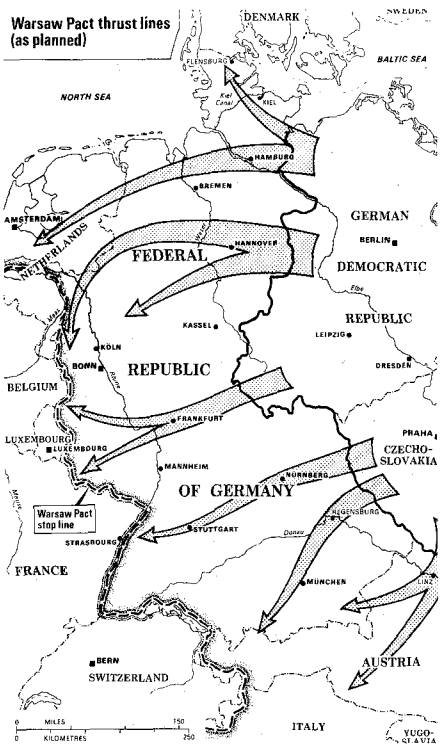
Pix © Dan Goodenough

$15.00
A Psychology Today Bookclub Alternate Selection

The MIT Press
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Had the United States and NATO accorded a more steady attention to the military balance in the 1965-75 period, had the Chinese not gone off on their ideological holiday during the years 1966-77, the Russians would not have had the "window" of military opportunity now projected for the next several years. Now it is too late—unless a truly drastic rearmament is launched as of yesterday. Similarly, if the United States and NATO would be content to let matters drift further, renouncing even the modest "3%" effort now



Projected Soviet offensive. From *The Third World War.*

under way, and if the Chinese were to revert to their non-policy of the Cultural Revolution, then too there would be no "window" either, but merely an expanding margin of Soviet advantage. Instead, in our present military policy which calls for careful, earnestly graduated and severely economical build-up, we have exactly the triggering phenomenon of war—a prospect which either inaction or a hurried crash effort could still safely avert.

General Sir John Hackett and his band of distinguished co-authors make no direct reference to the strategic context in broad terms but rather write within it, as a thing simply assumed. Their work, part military analysis and part well-documented fiction, has all the virtues and all the faults of the British military-diplomatic intellect. On the one hand, it is well-written and both the arid language and the hollow abstractions *de rigueur* in American expositions of strategic matters are entirely absent. On the other hand, peculiar British foibles are fully indulged and certain disabilities are in evidence. Thus, in presenting combat scenes on the ground, in the air and at sea, the authors do a pretty good job of explaining the workings of modern military forces except for one thing: as in actual British war operations, the *pace* and rhythm are wrong. As Rommel discovered in the Western Desert, the British simply refuse to adjust to the messy high-speed flux of modern war; if they cannot do things in the slow cadence of cricket, they cannot do them at all. Taking a page at random we read:

> *As the C-in-C hung up, a Sergeant placed a folder of intelligence reports and photographs on his desk. He studied them very closely. Half an hour later he called the Air Defence Commander again . . .*"

Nobody will study folders "closely,"

LAURELS

Enormous, the upper brain
rests uneasy on its stalk, unsteady
as the infant head on its delicate stem.
The little ape of love
and appetite fastens its long, slim
fingers to the stem and climbs
toward the huge gray mass of clouds
where giants laugh, holding their
immense sides, their castles of stone
swaying on thin green stalks.

Why does the giant have
the small black glittering eyes
of the rhesus monkey?
And why does the little monkey-man
going hand over hand
up the earth-driven vine to the sky
have eyes as wide as mountain lakes, soft
as the down that grows under the tongues,
under the wings, of angels?

What was it started us
up the long green ladder to the stars?
Who took the blue dome of our days
and darkened it, punched it full of brilliant
holes, each one dangling a long gold filament
of light we try to climb as if to storm
the walls of heaven?

Who waits up there
at the top of our heads, like some evolutionary
dare, taunting us, turning away
from our decay, wanting our blood, pretending
not to share our hungers? Has vision like
the crystal clouds we breathe
when animal heat encounters winter air?

Begin again. It is morning and a time
for simple talk. Here, a little monkey-man
holds another against his furred and fragrant
breast, and the strange trees, with their
overbearing tops, heavy as the willow
in summer, in snow, bend down
and brush him with their hair, whispering
"little one, little one . . ."
and letting down, one by one, their leaves, or flakes of snow,
until his hair is white
and he is crowned with green.

Eleanor Wilner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobody will pass on intelligence "half an hour later" in a central war of the future, an October 1973 war plus. There is also a great deal of *Boy's Own* language: "chaps" come and go, their "tails would be up" (if they were not so "bloody tired"), casualties are taken "absolutely marvellously" and so on. This sort of thing can be mildly amusing or perhaps a trifle irritating; but other British foibles affect the realism of the exercise more deeply. For example, there is a Middle East sideshow to the war on the Central Front in which Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia all belong to a new UAR that plays the Russians' game; Israel is neutral, fully out of the conflict, and the United States is supporting a coalition whose "firm base" is an Iran whose strength is estimated by a recitation of its inventory ("2000 tanks, 2000 APCs, 1000 guns, 400 attack helicopters, fifty warships, 400 combat aircraft" . . . and so on). But in the combat vignette that illustrates the fighting in Arabia, the hero is one Lieutenant-Colonel Ahmed Medilatif el Kasemy of the United Defence Force, the Army of the United Arab Emirates, who trounces Saudi armor with a dozen missile-firing helicopters. It seems that even after all these years the Lawrence of Arabia myth goes marching on. Egyptians are poor fighters, they are "townies" but the Arab, the *real* Arab of the desert. . . .

Altogether more purposeful is a deliberate and constructive distortion: the British are very clearly the seniors among the junior partners of the United States. In a book whose declared purpose is to stimulate more political support for British defense expenditure it is understandable that the role of British forces is made much greater than that of the German, notwithstanding the plain fact that the Budenswehr is and will remain NATO's second-largest force by any accounting.

Against such minor defects and foibles, one must set the great virtues of the book. The war begins on August 4, 1985 and the Russians start it, after a crisis that features a Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia, trouble in Poland, and incidents at sea in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. The crisis scenario developed in the book is not less realistic than those nowadays used in US military planning, and the fully detailed and lucid descriptions of the structure of NATO, the composition of forces on both sides, and the forms of modern war operations are all very educational. Readers will have to judge for themselves the verisimilitude of the actual war scenario itself which begins with a rapid Soviet armored advance into Germany, and which is followed by lesser attacks in Arabia and against South Africa inspired by the Soviet Union. After initial successes, the Russians suffer setbacks on all fronts as Western firepower prevails over maneuver. At that point, the Russians resort to the demonstrative use of the nuclear weapon, in a single missile attack on Birmingham: more than a half a million are dead or lethally wounded. The West does not surrender but instead replies in a joint Anglo-American nuclear strike against Minsk, and that turns out to be the final instrument of victory: first the Kazakh party leadership and then other nationalities join the East European satellites in a secession from Moscow's control made possible by the war itself, which has removed loyal Soviet troops from the scene. Finally even the Ukrainians go, or rather they come as "Vasyl Duglenko," covert Ukrainian nationalist in the KGB, takes over the Kremlin and brings both the war and the USSR to an end.

Except for the people of Birmingham and Minsk, the outcome is thus rather favorable—but only of course if the authors' projected rearmament between now and 1985 is carried out. Perhaps the most useful aspect of this useful book is precisely the portrayal of a war that does not lead to an inevitable and unrelieved catastrophe. To believe war easy and pleasurable in our age would be foolish and certainly dangerous, but neither can we afford to be paralyzed into impotence by the fear that resistance to aggression would merely lead to a total catastrophe.

Edward N. Luttwak

Edward N. Luttwak is a senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies and the author of *The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire* (Johns Hopkins).

Martin Heidegger by George Steiner

(Viking; $10.95)

It would be hard to imagine a better introduction to the work of the philosopher Martin Heidegger than this book by George Steiner. The curiosity is that Steiner is not a philosopher but a literary theorist and critic. One need not be bewitched by professional classifications to see some oddness in the fact that an extraordinarily difficult philosopher who spent a richly productive life engaged with the traditional questions of technical philosophy—the questions of metaphysics and epistemology—should lend himself so suitably to study by a literary thinker. Of course, Steiner is an unusually learned and wide-ranging man; still, he is not a professional philosopher. Yet he has written a book that seems to me entirely submissive to the demands of Heidegger's work as philosophy, rather than trying to get by with literary approximations to philosophy. Professional philosophers, writing in English, have published on Heidegger with the intent of introducing his work and showing its philosophical worth—most notably, Marjorie Grene in *Heidegger* (1957). But the efforts are rare: most Anglo-American philosophers are ignorantly contemptuous of Heidegger. And at their best, these efforts are not better than Steiner's, though Grene's book is fine indeed.

Reading Heidegger one enters a world of sharp contrasts; one leaves it feeling pushed hard in opposite directions. Heidegger is as tough to follow as almost any philosopher who ever wrote; yet he is continuously exciting and may engender the desire in others to philosophize as much as almost any other philosopher does. Obsessed with the traditional questions of technical philosophy, and only those, he nevertheless arouses a complex moral response, as if to show the indissoluble connections among all the concerns of the philosophical self. He enlarges our sense of the contingency in and of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human life and the world at large while striving passionately and desperately to placate resentment, to reawaken astonishment and even gratitude. He blackens everyday life as inauthentic while saving it from the imputation of arbitrariness. His impulse is to save humanity from feeling ever more sick of itself, from feeling that all is familiar, used up, merely usable, soiled with use, and that we know the world through and through and therefore unmysteriously. He encourages us to live fully while conceiving authentic life as death-minded. Once he is read patiently, he stays with you and changes the way you look at everything.

Only one who welcomes intellectual adventurousness can do justice to Heidegger. This trait is Steiner's best, and is displayed, but without exhibitionism, in this short, dense book. A further source of Steiner's energy is his need to come to terms with—indeed to overcome—Heidegger's brief membership in the Nazi party and the loyalist pronouncements he made in his capacity as rector of Freiburg University. Steiner does not play around with the matter. He tells us all the public facts and gives them what weight they must have. In no sense does he let his whole view of Heidegger be determined by the latter's political gullibility, or susceptibility to a movement that people far less profound than he, and every bit as demoralized by the troubles of Weimar, saw through, whether or not they resisted it. Steiner is appalled only by Heidegger's silence after the disclosure of Nazi genocide: not a word of disavowal or pity—much less of horror. As if to blemish his own generosity, Steiner makes an unpersuasive—I believe, self-unpersuaded—effort, at one point, to show some affinities between Nazi rhetoric and occasional passages in Heidegger's writings. All that Steiner shows, however, are some affinities between Nazi rhetoric and a certain kind of peasant European conservatism. Despite Steiner's dismay he has written a work of admiration; the admiration is all the finer for the dismay.

The two main parts of the book provide a lucid commentary on Heidegger's overall metaphysical doctrines and a close look at his greatest work, *Being and Time* (1927). Steiner tries to extract the main conceptions in Heidegger's writing, and without meaning to present a detailed explication and critique, conveys a definite sense of Heidegger's lifelong enterprise. Steiner is aware that it is risky to paraphrase the writings of a philosopher who "I am not convinced . . . wanted to be 'understood' in the customary sense of that word"; and who strove to avoid the staleness and imprecisions of even the most refined ordinary prose. Yet there is no way to understand except by paraphrase, by translating a work into one's own language, by arduous restatement. I think that Steiner has shown scrupulousness on this fundamental matter throughout his book.

A question haunts Steiner's commentary: what drives Heidegger to confront the traditional questions of technical philosophy? Can we say, from the texts themselves, what passion explains their having been written? Especially in *An Introduction to Metaphysics* (1953), but also elsewhere, Heidegger addresses Leibniz's question, Why is there something rather than nothing? That would seem to be a question to which there could be no answer but a religious one. It seems to presuppose the possibility, at least, of a more-than-human entity which (or who) is capable of having reasons to do things and had a reason to cause the world to come to be. Anyone may now and then give a fleeting thought to why there is a world when there might just as well as have been none: there might have been nothing whatever. But if a philosopher pursues the question ardently, if the question is always present in his writing even if not always in so many words, do we not have the right to consider the philosopher as essentially religious, despite his protest? Wittgenstein could say, in the *Tractatus*, "Not how the world is, is the mystical, but *that* it is. . . . The feeling of the world as a limited whole is the mystical feeling." But for Wittgenstein the mystical is the inexpressible, and that "Whereof we cannot speak, thereof one must be silent." Heidegger does not remain silent. On the other hand, he does not give a doctrinal answer. He keeps approaching the question with the hope that we will give our assent to its propriety and thereby be removed from ontological complacency. Steiner is right to take Heidegger seriously as a theologian *malgré lui*.

Yet there may be some rightness also in Heidegger's rejection of the religious imputation. If one were to insist on seeing *Being and Time* as the book that defines Heidegger and to judge his later work in the light of it, then a case for his utter secularity could be made.

Heidegger would have us think about Being. Being is not the essential reality of beings, nor their substratum, nor their *telos*; nor is it matter or substance. What then does he seem to mean by it? Being is what the world and everything in it are to one who lives authentically. Being is the meaning or sense that the world and everything in it have to such a person. The world is not only substance, nor is it the alleged sense or meaning imparted to it by Nature or a Creator, nor is it the reality which all phenomena visible to the sensual eye obscure. Heidegger is at war with all the inherited philosophy and theology from the time of Plato. He seeks to "destroy" their work because, in richly various ways, it covers Being over. If you will, Heidegger is an existentialist and a phenomenologist of radical novelty. That means he thinks that Being's fate is tied to the human condition, to human being, *Dasein*. Yet humanity is rarely able to see that Being is a valid concept, that the question of Being is *the* question.

What stands in humanity's way? Inauthenticity. Heidegger develops this notion with incredible subtlety and complexity. Reduced, as I must reduce it, it is bound to seem unexciting. The notion deals with the way people are enfolded in conventions, forgetful that the world they create by living in it as they do need not have existed, and need not be as it is. Without conventions, without the everyday world, without the loss of self in and to the business of life, humanity is not conceivable. But the cost is almost too high to reckon: humanity loses sight of the question of Being. (Modernity has peculiar, even worsening evils, but inauthenticity is the condition of life in all times and places.) Humanity thus escapes from the true sense or meaning of the world—that which it has to an authentic human being.

And who is that? One who lives as if he were already dead; that is, one who lives outside himself, looking at himself from the perspective of a completed future. Humanity lives in distraction from the knowledge of its mortality: if it is the only thing in creation that knows it is going to die, it does everything possible to disguise or ignore the fact. But mortality is the one incontestable fact. It alone provides the legitimate

Coming:

Harry Levin on

The Brothers Mann.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

starting point for thinking about how to live. Heidegger does not say that there is one and only one authentic manner of living. A life lived in constant awareness of one's finitude could take many forms. (Camus's Stranger comes to mind as one ruined by ever-present death-mindedness.) It may be that Heidegger's later development of the idea of the world as a place of shining, as something to feel gratitude toward (thinking as thanking), contains the content of the vision that the authentic person will possess. The world in its contingency will appear as a miracle to one who, also contingent, knows that he, unlike the world, will return to non-being. The world stays. The sense or meaning of life, the actuality of Being, is uncovered to the authentic person alone.

Modern life, in its enlightened desiccation and corresponding exploitative savagery toward nature, makes the understanding of Being all the more urgent. "The wasteland grows." Heidegger does not, however, renounce hope altogether. He believes, with Hölderlin, " . . . when there is danger, there also grows its remedy."

Heidegger preaches *self-sponsored* heroism: that, finally, is why he is not a religious thinker. He eludes all classification but that of philosopher. He revivifies philosophy and in that very achievement provides an invaluable stimulus to thinking about an indefinite range of significant questions. Steiner's book beautifully helps us see Heidegger's greatness.

George Kateb

George Kateb teaches political science at Amherst College and is the author of *Utopia and its Enemies* (Schocken Books) and *Political Theory* (St. Martin's).

Forgive and Remember: Managing Medical Failure by Charles L. Bosk

(University of Chicago Press; $15)

Future Issues in Health Care by David Mechanic

(Free Press; $13.95)

Bernard Shaw believed that every profession is a conspiracy against the laity; but not so sociologist Charles Bosk. The latter (age 24 when he did this research) spent 18 months snooping around the loftiest professionals of them all—the surgeons. He watched them and logged their behavior as other sociologists have observed aboriginal or street-corner societies, producing what can best be described as the definitive work on the surgeons' initiation rites.

Bosk does not use that term, but writes instead that he has recorded how surgeons define, detect and punish mistakes, and how they select out candidates who make too many of them.

The "hesitation and mildness" with which surgeons exercise discipline down the ranks for technical mistakes (errors that result in injury and death) can be explained, Bosk thinks, by the fact that medicine itself is a tentative and inexact discipline. Even the best among the elders make mistakes in diagnosis and choice of therapy. Thus, the profession is loath to impose standards on new entrants which the senior members could not meet. The author tolerantly accepts this logic, arguing that surgeons deserve at least as much sympathy from sociologists as do pimps and thugs: "If, in the study of lower class deviance, it is unwarrantable to bootleg everyday definitions of right and wrong into our work, it is just as inadmissable to do so in the case of high-status professionals." In contrast with earlier sociologists writing on this subject, Bosk claims that the postgraduate training of surgeons is above all else ethical. The catch is that surgeons' ethics are not concerned with the welfare of the individual patient (as earlier investigators have imagined they ought to be), but with professional traditions.

Here is how the surgeon's ethic works, based on Bosk's reading of the

Now in Paperback

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY

by Henry Fairlie

Social critic Henry Fairlie confronts the age-old human proclivity to evil as he relates the seven deadly sins to the central issues of modern life: liberal vs. conservative politics, discrimination, pornography, abortion, the vistas of modern science, and especially the pop psychologies that confirm the narcissism of our age.

". . . Depressingly accurate about many of our malaises. . . . He fits the ancient sin to the contemporary condition." — *New York Times Book Review*

Illustrations by Vint Lawrence

$4.95

At your bookstore or order directly from

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME PRESS

Notre Dame, IN 46556

ORDER FORM

Please send me ..... copies of *The Seven Deadly Sins Today* @ $4.95

TOTAL ENCLOSED $.....

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

events in an elite hospital (unnamed) attached to one of the top 20 medical schools in the US. Mistakes are divided into four categories: technical, judgmental, normative and quasi-normative. Technical mistakes, the result of clumsiness, carelessness or inexperience, are those of which malpractice suits are made, but also those of least concern to the surgical establishment. Bosk quotes an attending surgeon (instructor):

> *Look, suppose when a resident opens the abdomen he nicks the aorta—that's dumb, stupid, anything you want to call absolute incompetence . . . but it's not unforgivable . . . It's a mistake and everybody makes mistakes, one way or another.*

Such mistakes are forgiven, provided the surgeon-in-training demonstrates his good faith by reporting them quickly to his supervisors. The patient does not learn about them.

Judgmental errors occur when the patient is given the wrong course of therapy, either through overly "heroic" surgery, as Bosk calls it, or through a failure to operate soon enough. These are not considered important mistakes, either, for several reasons. Judgmental errors are usually made by instructors, not students, and there is no effective form of peer sanction. Surgeons are professionally biased in favor of heroic action, so that the bad results of doing one's job too well are not given much attention. The cases in which surgery is postponed too long may involve chronic or undiagnosed illnesses. In these cases, it is hard to prove a sin of omission.

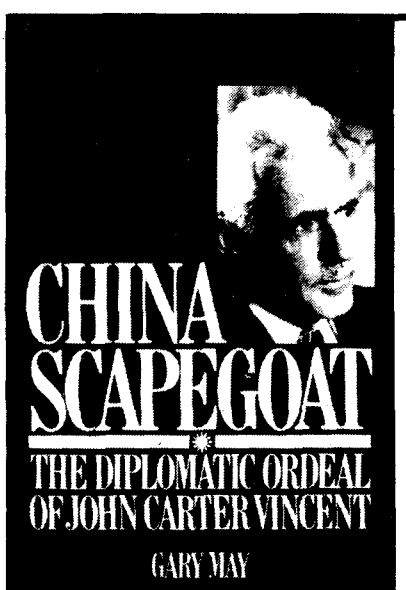
In contrast, errors in the third and fourth categories—normative and quasi-normative—are treated as moral lapses, earning the sinner public humiliation and failing marks. It is wrong, for example, not to report technical mistakes, and very wrong to present "surprises" to the supervising surgeon when he arrives on the ward in the morning. (Any time a patient takes a serious turn for the worse, the supervisor is supposed to be called immediately, yet students who cannot handle routine crises on their own are ridiculed. One must learn quickly to distinguish the two situations.)

It is a serious mistake to get into quarrels with the nurses, and a sign of incompetence if one cannot win the cooperation of patients and their relatives. These are normative mistakes, ones that define the moral caliber of the candidate. Quasi-normative errors violate the unique rules of specific supervisors. For example, surgeon x insists that all patients with gastrointestinal bleeding be treated immediately with an antacid stomach bath, which, if successful, is all that he requires. Surgeon y insists that such patients be subjected to endoscopy (viewing the stomach through a tube), X-rays, and possibly an angiogram to locate the source of the bleeding. Students on y's ward who use x's approach find themselves in very serious trouble. It is also considered a mistake for a student to challenge the supervisor's procedures.

Bosk goes on to show how the senior surgeons instill in their trainees a respect for rank, procedure and established expertise. He also describes the "hair-shirt" ritual that takes place in the inner sanctum, known as the Morbidity and Mortality Conference. This is where the surgeons come to account in private for their mistakes—and, Bosk suggests, relieve themselves of accumulated guilt. The flaw in the system, the author explains, is that there is no way for the outside world to get involved in any of this. The sole example he cites along these lines is the faculty's decision to select out a miserable candidate (he seems deranged), but not to stop his career. He will, Bosk speculates, transfer from this prestigious hospital to some lesser place and never be forced to admit his weaknesses. There ought to be some way for the profession to be called to account for mistakes like this, but Bosk does not suggest what it might be.

If Bosk's book is a narrow task neatly executed, Mechanic's is a broad one clumsily done. While a nonspecialist might like to learn exactly how a top-ranked medical school creates future surgeons—and Bosk's description is quite lucid—it is hard to imagine anyone picking up Mechanic's collection of essays for a quick lesson on what lies ahead in the big brawl over health care. The trouble is not the language, which is only medium foggy, but Mechanic's steadfast refusal to lay out his convictions, or his findings, and defend them. Whenever the discussion veers toward a precipice where it would seem impossible to avoid a decisive word or two, the author throws up his hands and walks away. We need more research, he says.

Mechanic lays out the dilemmas with great care, but also with great even-handedness, so that he seems to be presenting an apolitical guide to professional analyzers, pointing out rich lodes of ambiguity that remain to be mined. For the non-miner, it is frustrating. Consider Mechanic's treat-



The heroic story of an honorable man disgraced in a dishonorable time

Winner of the Allan Nevins Prize in History, **China Scapegoat** restores Vincent's brilliant—and loyal—public service to its proper role in history at last.

"**China Scapegoat** is not only an indispensable contribution to the history of American policy with China. It is above all a compelling account—and one to which we should all attend—of the way America treated honorable men in a dishonorable time." —Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

16 pages of photos; $15.95

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS Washington, D.C. 20036
Distributed by Simon and Schuster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of some very important Future Issues. How much health care should the government subsidize? How should it allocate its investments? How will it control the demand for services? How will it include the ordinary citizen, if at all, in making these decisions?

Mechanic lists some of the public rationing systems that may become necessary, but points out that none is satisfactory because none will please everyone.

> *It might be possible to put together on the basis of existing data a model that specifies what the public would wish, assuming that it had full information on needs, the true costs and benefits of medical care . . . but this would be no simple task.*

Actually, it would be so complex, he decides a paragraph later, that it wouldn't work anyway. Scrap that idea.

What about retaining the private, market-allocation system we have now? Mechanic seems to like this idea; he believes that the system has been improving steadily and will continue to do so. There are nagging problems of inflation and inequity—true—but these flaws may be eliminated in time. How? By educating people to stay healthy and keep out of hospitals; by making insurance policies easier to understand and compare; by instituting a system of ombudsmen in hospitals to protect patients' rights. All this is rather vague, however, as the conclusion of the chapter on national health insurance illustrates. "As we look to the future," Mechanic writes, "the pressing need is to define the levers for constructive change and the ways to encourage them [sic]." We also need "new social definitions of the value and limitations of medical care." Warming to this theme, he decides that most of these problems are a matter of phrasing: "In short, the future of medicine and the functions it plays in human society will be a product of the ways in which it is defined."

This insight does not quite get to the point, in my view. There is a private hospital in Washington, DC, with a persistent habit of defining as healthy certain poor patients who come to the emergency room defining themselves as sick. Three were turned out the door or sent to an overburdened city hospital in recent months, and one died as a result. These cases, although they may be exceptional, present the dilemma facing the American system of health care in a stark light. They tell me that what is needed is not a finer definition of the problem, but the will to do something about it.

Eliot Marshall

Eliot Marshall is a reporter for *Science* magazine.

Only Children
by Alison Lurie

(Random House; $9.95)

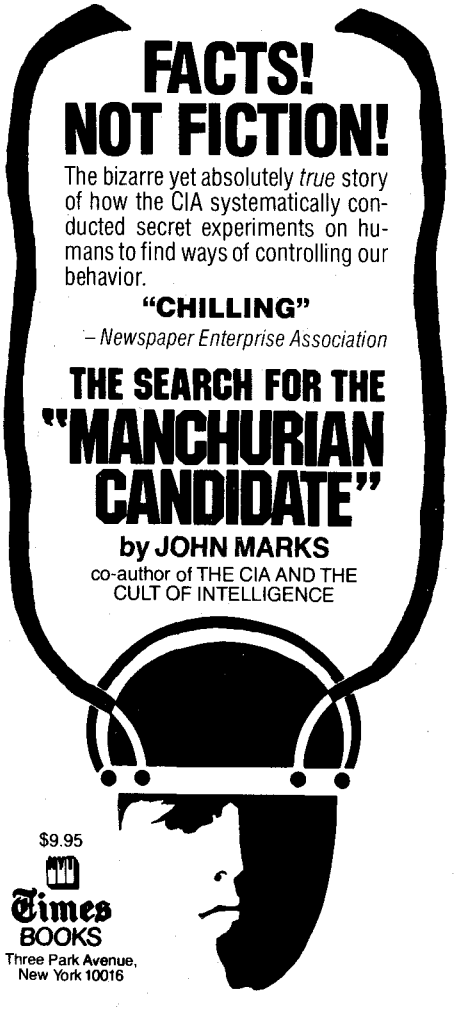
Back in the days when the Vietnam War and the sexual revolution disrupted many lives, especially on college campuses, Cornell English professor Alison Lurie ironically surveyed the scene in *The War Between the Tates*, her fifth—and excellent—comic novel. Now, in these times of retreat, Lurie has turned away from the contemporary scene; her new novel is set in the middle of the Depression. Her themes, however, are familiar. Even in that drabber decade the family, society and the sexes (though not academia this time) are lively, often ludicrous subjects for Lurie's irony and compassion.

The novel spans the long Fourth of July weekend. Bill and Honey Hubbard and their eight-year-old daughter Mary Ann, and Dan and Celia Zimmern and their daughter Lolly (and Dan's sullen adolescent son from a previous marriage) abandon New York City and its suburb, Larchmont, for the Catskill farm owned by Anna King, headmistress of the progressive school the two girls attend.

This innocent outing doesn't turn out to be a relaxing weekend of strolls and chats for the adults and healthy romps for the children. Instead the grown-ups start romping in an unseemly way and end up fighting, while the two little girls look on, bewildered. "Grown-ups are supposed to act grown-up," clear-headed Mary Ann asserts. "When they didn't it could be lovely fun for a while. . . . But if they went on for too long it got sort of embarrassing and awful and even scary."

The livelier grown-ups Honey and Dan lead the way toward the disturbing confusion of the proper order. In a succession of comic episodes they plan and fail to consummate an illicit tryst—sneaking kisses on the stairs, trying to slip off to barns and back roads, all for thrills and not for love. Meanwhile, back in the house, Celia and Bill confess to Anna their rather pathetic devotion to their more fickle, frisky mates. And out in the sunny orchard Mary Ann and Lolly are perched in trees, pretending they're princesses sailing in a romantic world that makes the grown-up one look all the more messy and prosaic.

From adulterous games and secrets the grown-ups move on to battles between the sexes. Anna and the wives lament woman's lot and share their disparaging views of husbands and men in general. Dan and Bill complain about the difficult women of their generation, come of age before the Eighteenth Amendment, and therefore "usually


FACTS!
NOT FICTION!
The bizarre yet absolutely true story of how the CIA systematically conducted secret experiments on humans to find ways of controlling our behavior.
"CHILLING"
– Newspaper Enterprise Association
THE SEARCH FOR THE "MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE"
by JOHN MARKS
co-author of THE CIA AND THE CULT OF INTELLIGENCE
$9.95
Times BOOKS
Three Park Avenue, New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pretty irrational, like children really, because that's how they were brought up to be," Bill explains. "They might try to be like men, but they don't know what it means even." Both sides hold half-baked views—but have well-developed resentments. Clearly they have never looked very closely at one another.

The families finally realign in the wee hours of the morning of July 7, when a party Anna has thrown turns into a drunken brawl, Hubbards against Zimmerns. The combatants awake hung-over but harmonious and ready to drive back home with their confused offspring.

This novel about love and its disorderly ways in unexamined lives is a thoughtfully crafted and traditionally unified comic drama. In *Only Children*, Lurie draws deftly from her academic literary discipline, without cramping her ironic and sympathetic imagination, which ranges as easily and fruitfully as ever. She makes reference throughout to that genre in which she has excelled: comedy. In five acts, each covering a day from July 3 through July 7, Lurie groups and regroups her characters in carefully juxtaposed scenes that trace the dissolution of the vacationing company. The contests between generations, between sexes, between families that develop along the way are all standard (and very digestible) comic fare.

Lurie recognized generational contrast as a key to comedy—which depends and thrives on disparity—in *The War Between the Tates*. In that novel, sympathy lies with the parents of the adolescents, who are portrayed as monsters, and dry, mature wit is the product. This time Lurie is on the side of the two small girls. She enlists observant, energetic Mary Ann and dreamy Lolly to help tell her story—and to create a more poignant kind of comedy.

Unlike the girls, whom Lurie evokes with remarkable success from within, the grown-ups are carefully and comically drawn types, though not clichés. With varying sets of images for each character and with distinctive, stylized diction, Lurie contrasts the members of her incongruous cast. Honey Hubbard, a frivolous southern belle, is called "Kitten" by her husband, and often mews, coyly prances and preens (and scratches). A bully with "a luxuriant mustache," Dan Zimmern likes to roar with laughter, tease, whistle and command, all in the sport of chasing skirts. Bill Hubbard—paunchy, burdened by an over-active socialist conscience and not much fun—and weak, mothlike Celia Zimmern fade into the background, less vigorously characterized. And Anna King reigns over her flawed guests, independent and self-possessed as a queen.

The action follows a traditional comic plot. The families leave the workaday city world for a bucolic interlude on Independence Day—the conventional journey on an archetypal comic occasion, a celebration of rebirth. In the country the holiday spirit undoes the conventional order of things. And finally, of course, the chaos is quelled. No irreparable harm has been done; neither, however, do the lives and marriages promise to be much richer or more fully examined after the trials of love and disorder. The grown-ups depart with the hazy insights that are the staple of maturity—when life and love just aren't that simple, mature adults keep telling themselves. Mary Ann, however, learns a childishly vivid lesson, that "love made you sicker than chicken pox or mumps even," and that she for one will never catch it. Of course she will, but chances are this sensible girl's case won't be too bad.

Lurie sees that the comic vision appropriately belongs both to these 40-year-old grown-ups who aren't about to stop and remake their lives, and to children who are inclined to end their thoughts with "and lived happily ever after" (as Mary Ann ends this book). Lurie doesn't darkly chide, though she points out the inadequacies and naive expectations that are part of this view, and hints at an underlying bleakness. Instead she makes us feel that it's in this patched-together world that people, gamely carrying on, can discover strong, if blind, feelings; sincere, if unrealistic, intentions; and perhaps most important, the comic and ironic perspective she celebrates.

Ann Hulbert

The Ideal Worlds of Economics: Liberal, Radical, and Conservative Economic Worldviews by Benjamin Ward

(Basic Books; $18)

The welfare state set its precarious roots throughout the West in the tumultuous 1930s, and they soon grew progressively more robust. More recently, second thoughts have arisen about the beauty of its blossoms, yielding a perceptible ideological drift, marginally at least, away from conventional liberalism to polar positions. The evidence of the drift is diverse, not overwhelming, but still convincing.

On American university faculties today Friedmanites and Marxists strut with a buoyancy unknown in three decades or more, in some prominent instances completely dominating the departments of economics. In local, state and national politics the new right now flexes its muscles with unaccustomed bravado. In the governments of France and Italy Eurocommunism wields unprecedented power, while in Scandinavia and Australia, after a long hibernation, conservatives often rule the political roost. It was close to inevitable that someone would write a book comparing the respective claims of the left, the right and the middle way. At any rate, we now have such a book, or *almost* have one, in Benjamin Ward's *The Ideal Worlds of Economics*.

I say almost have one because Ward, a professor at the University of California at Berkeley, refrains from explicit comparisons. He shifts from descriptions of the liberal to the radical to the conservative ideological approach, in that order, as though they were, in his own words, "separate worlds," executing these switches with dazzling virtuosity. But though bedazzling, the switches can also be bewildering for the reader, a point we return to later.

For American readers, to whom the book is primarily addressed, Ward's account of liberalism will offer little new information and certainly no surprises. A liberal society is what we have, offering democratic freedoms, affluence for the great majority, assistance for the poor, a market-oriented economy, and a highly active government eager to intervene where the market fails. Barely mentioned are the internal dissensions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among liberal economists as well as liberal politicians about how to cope with the day's leading problems stretching from inflation and unemployment to street crime, deficient health care, the sometimes noxious influence of vested interests, and governmental sloth. Both radicalism and conservatism win a broader, more philosophical review perhaps because Ward, as a liberal himself, had to do a mammoth job of fresh reading to gather material. Nevertheless, the attacks on liberalism are recounted as uncritically as is its own self-defensive description.

The essence of radicalism, as Ward perceives it, is in (1) a commitment to "the wretched of the earth" and (2) a conviction that injustices cannot be eliminated within the framework of existing society. Thereafter follow the orthodox charges that capitalism is built upon exploitation, inequality and insecurity, blended with the later neo-Marxian perceptions of purposeful waste, alienation of "the affluent and poor alike," racism, sexism and the modern wave of "capitalist imperialism" in the less developed countries. The modern welfare state is merely a means for forestalling revolution. Since an oligarchy of the wealthy, representing less than 10 percent of the population, controls government, the quest for reform within the system is as pointless as an animal's search for freedom within the confines of a zoo.

The conclusion, as Ward puts it, is that "revolution is the only alternative to continued massive misery and oppression." The existence of a social democratic "deviation," urging evolutionary socialism, is of course recognized in the book but is not classified with radicalism or accorded separate attention.

Freedom is the watchword of conservatives and for them that means the absence of all legal coercions except for those necessary for maintaining order. Among the latter are safeguards for private property rights, essential for conduct of free market transactions in which all citizens voluntarily participate. In turn, a free market is said to be essential for individual freedoms, thereby providing the prime and almost the only justification for governmental intervention in economic affairs. To be sure, conservatives recognize, as Bentham said, that "*every* law is contrary to [someone's] liberty." They therefore find it incumbent upon them to demonstrate that, aside from property rights (1) government encroachments upon economic activity tend to cumulate, thereby progressively narrowing liberties, and (2) that against this cost in freedom, public interference in economic activity yields no compensating benefits since what government *tries* to do, the market can always do better.

For example, conservatives claim that if free health care for the poor and the elderly were withdrawn, and licensing requirements for physicians abandoned, the market would generate different *levels* of medical attention—through osteopaths, paramedics, nurses and the like—adapted to the purchasing power of the different submarkets of the population. Essential medical attention would be available for all. "Frills" would be reserved for those who can afford them. Unnecessary surgery, tests and gadgets would be minimized. Billions of public dollars would be saved.

Similarly, conservatives argue that active government stabilization policies actually create waves of inflation and unemployment, that efforts to protect consumers and avoid pollution have the main effect of reducing output, raising prices and delaying innovations such as the introduction of new drugs. Private enterprise, conservatives explain, *must* satisfy consumers, who may or may not buy its products, and success in that endeavor is measured by profits. A bureaucrat's single obligation is to satisfy his boss, and his success is measured by the size (and the cost) of the divisions he appropriates for supervision. In the conservative doctrine, public economic intervention for purposes other than protection of property should be allowed only in rare circumstances. It is acknowledged, for example, that helpless people should not be left to starve. For them, the recommendation is a modest negative income tax incorporated in regular IRS schedules, substituting for the present, huge and multifaceted welfare system. This technique, according to Milton Friedman and his followers, would substitute a simple "rule of law" for costly and practically always imperfect bureaucratic decision-making.

But there are obviously different shades of liberals, conservatives and radicals. One weakness of *The Ideal Worlds of Economics* is that the shadings are neglected. Another weakness, more serious, is apparently a symptom of a philosophical idiosyncrasy of the author: nowhere are the opposing ideas he presents allowed to confront one another. The separate ideal "worlds" he describes are logically self-contained, each presumably encompassing with integrity the same facts but seen through different lenses. Is it merely, then, on the basis of indisputable "tastes" that we must choose one or the other? Is the choice of a social system like that of chocolates at a candy store? Ward seems to think so. It is in this spirit that he contends that universities are remiss in not giving radicals and conservatives full representation on their faculties, the same sort of "equal time" they receive in his book.

Yet common sense suggests that economic and moral values, as well as social systems, can be rationally judged by their consequences—by their effects on people. History is replete with the kind of evidence required, from the giant depressions and degrading working conditions under laissez-faire capitalism to the loss of freedom and monstrous errors in resource allocation wherever ownership of the means of production has been monopolized by government. In practice, when free to do so, people seldom hesitate to weigh the contending claims of liberals, conservatives and radicals in this way, sometimes voting with their feet. In contrast, Ward has simply and conscientiously recounted the contending claims. His book describes rather than probes. It can be recommended only for those willing to devote hours of tedious reading to learning the details of contemporary politico-economic dogma.

Melville J. Ulmer

Melville J. Ulmer is a professor of economics at University of Maryland, College Park.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

invariably where I lacked *political* purpose that I wrote lifeless books and was betrayed into purple passages, sentences without meaning and humbug generally."

Louis Menashe
Polytechnic Institute of New York
Brooklyn, New York

Payment in gold

To the editors:

The recent article on sales to Russia ("Dollars for Detente," *TNR*, March 31) by William J. Quirk, accentuates a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question I have had for a long time: why is not Russia required to pay for a portion of its purchases in gold? The United States sells gold to maintain the value of the dollar. It would seem to me that any export license issued by the US should stipulate that part payment be in gold.

Julian Loebenstein
New York, New York

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Personals

Maria McCormick-Snyder
Loves
Hugh Webb Snyder

Manhatten professional, successful, serious, playful, will happily be your friend/escort/romantic interest next time you visit NYC. Utmost discretion. Attractive, stimulating and responsible. Lv. message 212-925-1239. Al Phillips.

Attractive college teacher, 39, W.N.Y. area, seeks occasional escape activities with compatible male. TNR Box #9215

SUPER APPEALING wdf seeks high powered, educated, unattached, honorable, heterosexual man aged 45-65 of honor and charm as escort, companion, etc. NYC area. Please reply in some detail to: TNR Box 9200.

Warm, good natured, easy to get along with NYC male 24 years old seeks relationship with female interested in politics, film, literature, travel, tennis (beginner), good people and having a good time. Respond to TNR Box 9210.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $2.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

CULTURED SINGLES CLUB - Discriminating singles anxious to meet you. Box 342136, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

SCHOLARS WANTED to write very brief articles on famous seminal insights—all fields. Pansophia, Box 93, Rockport, Mass. 01966.

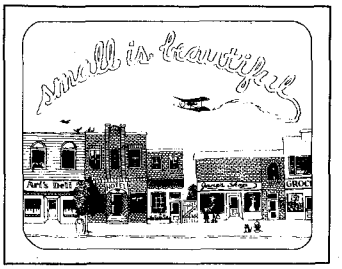
Swedish-American penpal club. Photos, details $1.00. Kristen, Box 338-NR, Wilmette, IL 60091. 312-262-9800.

DREAM ANALYSIS AND INTERPRETATION. Pamphlet gives guidance for self-awareness. $2.00 to No. 5A, 60 W. 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10023.

ALONE? Dignified Computerized Matching, Nationwide, Inexpensive, Guaranteed. "TEAM," 1270 Broadway, NYC

Etcetera

Got a Problem, send Uncle Ben details for personal guidance, Box 1 USU, Providence, Utah 84332



SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL note cards, with E. F. Schumacher quote on back; 10 handsomely printed cards for $2.75, postpaid. Our unique note cards—over 70 designs—speak to contemporary issues of ecology, the women's movement, human rights, nuclear energy, and others. 50% discount for group fund-raising use. Catalog included free with every order; 35¢ please if requested separately. The Notables, 7629 Madison, Kansas City, Mo. 64114.

Literature

The U.S. In Bible Prophecy. $1. Heritage, Box 26111-R, San Jose, Calif. 95159.

KEY TO JFK MURDER
What the House hearings excluded. $4.75. Graham, PO Box 421, Portland, Oregon, 97207.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

TEACHERS. Send for free details. Tax Sheltered Annuity Survey, 110 South Chestnut Lane, Glenwood, Illinois 60425

COMBINED SPRING/SUMMER 1979 UNIVERSITY PRESS AND SCHOLARLY IMPRINT SALE CATALOG—SAVINGS UP TO 75%—685 titles, 112 publishers, limited quanties, cut-off date, October 30, 1979. Write for catalog: THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF, A-5, 205 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Over 4,000 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalog. Hamilton 98-71 Clapboard, Danbury, Ct. 06810

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

GAY LITERATURE. Bought and sold. 62 page catalog; 3700 scarce works $2.00 refundable. Elysian Fields, Booksellers, 81-13NR Broadway, Elmhurst, NY 11373

Step up from yoga to the higher teachings in BOOK OF LIGHT. $2.70 postpaid. Emmons, 1720 S. King Ave., Lakeland, Florida 33803

"WANTED." American First editions. Faulkner, Hemingway, Dreiser, Walker Percy and Cheever. Box 88104, Atlanta, GA 30338

FIRST RIGHTS SALE: Three Bananas: Red, White & Blue. Box #48, Fort Johnson, N.Y. 12070.

CHICKEN THERAPY. The small book that can change your life. Illustrated. $3.00. Chicken Therapy, 4107 Barclay Drive, Port Clinton, Ohio 43452

Literary Services

WRITERS—Guarantee publication of your work, success and handsome profits as I do—For details send S.A.S.E. to MSP, P.O., Box 9927, Mobile, Al. 36609

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER. Box 5842 RN. High Point, N.C. 27262 Send Wants.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Dept. R, 207, E. 21st St., NYC, NY 10010

Employment Opportunities

TEACHING AND ADMINISTRATIVE positions available in elementary and secondary INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS throughout the US and abroad. Register with Robert M. Sandoe & Associates, national and international placement service. Call (toll free) 800-225-7986 or from Massachusetts (617) 262-5380.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA
Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpose. That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps or VISTA volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin America, Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one—and two—year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles & couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Peace Corps/VISTA, P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525 An Equal Opportunity Program.

RESUMES—Complete instructions and examples: $4, Consultants, Box 567—HH, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instruction

Bachelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 65227, Oakland, California 94612.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo, 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Research Positions

R & D POSITIONS. Chemists, Ch.E.'s, Metallurgists, Mineralogists, Geologists, Physicists, Ceramics, Computers, Electronics, other. California, Texas, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest. Interview, relocation, fee paid. Chemical Executive Search, 6800 Main, Houston Texas 77030.

Music

FREE RECORD CATALOG
Huge savings up to 80% discounts. Records, tapes, all types of music, all labels. No obligation, no fee, no minimum. Buy only what you want, when you want it. Write to Dept. N.R., Chesterfield Music, 12 Warren St., New York, NY 10007.

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE
Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories.
Traditional Elegant Designs.
Early Music Stands
Free Catalog
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Bumperstickers and Buttons

"DRAFT KENNEDY 1980" - Buttons $1.00, 6/$5.00. SELCO, 2810 Avenue L, Brooklyn, NY 11210.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE. Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Property Sale/Rent

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10533

WESTERN, REALESTATE, INVESTMENTS, Researched $50. ; Datasearchers 9044 Sunport, Albuquerque 87119

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

30TH ANNUAL ROUND THE WORLD TOUR. 8 countries, 30,000 miles. July 10th to August 9th, 1979. Reservation deadline—May 1. Free brochure: Bryan World Tours, 19 Fairview Avenue, Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214.

US VIRGIN ISLANDS: Small, intimate hotel on a beautiful beach. Modern one bedroom apartments only $32.00 for two including maid service. Write: King Frederik, P.O. Box 1908, Fredriksted, USVI 00840.

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $5.95. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

Summer Rentals

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL summer rental 4, 6, 8 weeks. 4 bdrms. furnished 2 miles Marlboro. Screened porch, Dr. Charles Orden 219 Birchwood Pk. Dr., Jericho, NY 11753

SABBATICAL? WRITER? Attractively furnished year-round four-bedroom home on quiet New Hampshire lake is perfect spot. (203) 966-1951.

Rehoboth/Dewey Beach, Delaware. Modern beach house, 3 bedrooms, loft, 2 baths. Fully equipped, AC, DW, TV, sundeck. 5 & 7 day rentals available. June-$40/day, July and Aug.-$50/day. (703) 354-6521.

MASHAGAMA LODGE
Experience Canada's Wilderness. Log cabins on beautiful remote lake. Hike, swim, canoe, loaf, unwind. Good fishing. 1252 Wellington St. E., Sault Ste Marie, Ontario Canada P6A 2P4 (705) 949-7602

CHALET—HOUSEKEEPING, two bedrooms. Fireplace, wooded area, swimming, tennis, $235. weekly. Lester Rhoads, Boothbay, Maine 04537

ONTARIO; RIDEAU LAKES. Secluded cabin sleeps 6. Electric heat and electric kitchen, 18 miles Thousand Islands. Excellent fishing, swimming, available week, month or season. Millott, 28 West 75th St., New York, NY 10023 (212) 877-6788

LONDON TOWNHOUSE for rent beginning July 1st, 3-4 BR, centrally located, rent approximately 370 pounds sterling monthly. For more details write: TNR Box #9190.

Off-Off Season Bonus Nights: Beach front villa, untouristy Jamaican fishing village; staffed; tennis. Noel, 141 Ridgefield, Hartford, CT 06112. (203) 247-0759.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect*: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036 (202) 331-7494

My ad reads:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poland Diarist

Oświęcim

I took my son last month to the thriving southern Polish town of Oświęcim (the Germans called it Auschwitz) so that we both could at least try to comprehend the horror of the extermination of four million Jews and others in this most infamous Nazi death camp. The pilgrimage was spiritually necessary, I thought, because it is now 35 years since the liberation of Oświęcim, and I feared that for the new generations the memories of the Hitler "final solution" were already fading to an historical abstraction. I must report, however, that a visit to Oświęcim does *not* really help to understand it. The town itself, sprawling and well off, minds its own business, and probably doesn't wish to be reminded of the events that so cruelly put it on the world's map. Discreet blue-and-white signs point the way to the "Museum," which is the death camp on the town's drab outskirts. At the camp, a compound of red-brick buildings around which triple wire fences and watch-towers have been preserved, the horror of death cannot be recreated for the waves of Polish and foreign tourists. (Stolid Germans and Russians come by the busload.)

Today Oświęcim is rather offensive in terms of taste as the shrine to Nazidom's victims that the Polish authorities have meant it to be. It is an over-organized and too perfect site for macabre or expiatory tourism, though children under 13 are not allowed to see everything. There is an actual tour route, marked with arrows and explanatory signs. The entrance building at the compound houses a bar and a hotel, in addition to the museum proper, according to large notices on the facade. Can one really, we asked ourselves, *drink* and *sleep* at the Oświęcim camp, by choice, without risking the company of an array of ghosts? And does anyone truly want to buy Oświęcim postcards at the nearby souvenir kiosk (to write, perhaps, "Wish you were here" messages)? The grizzly commercialism defiles the memories of death. At the Majdanek death camp, near Lublin in eastern Poland, postcards are also sold, but at least there is no bar-and-grill.

Most of the Oświęcim camp is kept pretty much the way it was when Himmler's SS guards ran it and trainloads of victims were delivered daily for the slaughter from all over Europe. You can see the chambers where prisoners were gassed with Cyklon-B, and the ovens in which bodies were cremated. There are the cramped underground cells where some awaited execution by firing squads. Everything is carefully marked and explained on plaques. Yet there is an air of unreality about it—because 35 years *have* gone by. Touches of contrived but awesome reality are in the rooms where hundreds of thousands of prisoners' striped uniforms, caps, shoes and eyeglasses have been collected. This is the tangible evidence of the crime that has survived. So is the endless gallery of photographs of the victims lining the walls of the corridors in the cellblocks.

Probably the most incongruous and deplorable contribution to the Oświęcim shrine is the Jewish Museum. It is a fairly new addition to the camp. For reasons that only the Polish bureaucracy can explain, it is sometimes open and sometimes closed. This museum consists largely of huge wall blow-ups of wartime photographs of the Jewish martyrology. This is understandable, but the total effect is stunningly cheapened by closed-circuit television monitors that guides turn on to project old films of a ranting Adolf Hitler and Nazi soldiers maltreating Jews. The climax of the tour is a rendition of Jewish funeral songs and prayers blasted deafeningly from multispeaker stereo systems in the building. It is a dreadful, undignified idea—the product of a technology-crazed mind—that has no place in the silence of Oświęcim.

Memories of the Nazi annihilation of the Jews are again very much alive in Poland and elsewhere in Europe. John Paul II, the new pope and a staunch defender of Jews, plans to celebrate mass at Oświęcim when he visits his native Poland in June. NBC's "Holocaust" television series had tremendous impact on the Europeans. It has reopened the whole question of the guilt and responsibility of the Germans and their collaborators in the occupied countries—more so than at any time since the end of World War II. Poland's communist rulers chose not to show "Holocaust" on state television. They were bothered, in part, by some anti-Polish aspects of the series such as the inexcusably erroneous use of Polish army uniforms to dress Lithuanian SS units fighting Jews in the Warsaw ghetto. But quite a few Poles are aware of the show. The Roman Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny*, the nearest thing to an opposition organ, recently published a long essay on the theme of the holocaust. In West Germany the NBC series was not purchased by either of the national networks, but it was presented, with one or two exceptions, by local TV channels with devastating effect. It has let to suicides and broken families in several cases involving husbands or fathers, former SS-men, who were suddenly identified with holocaust murders. East Germans can easily watch West German television so they, too, had history revived for them.

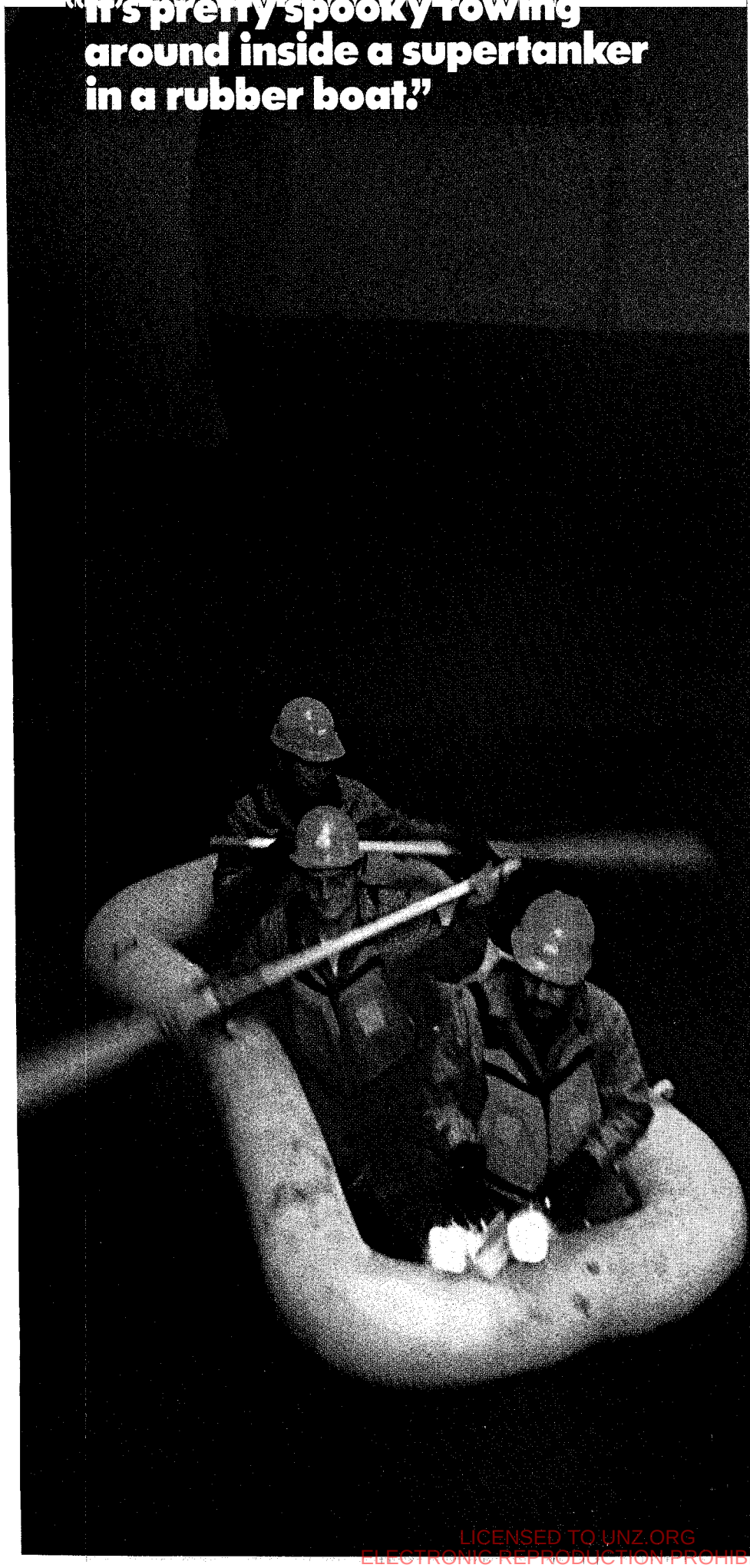
I was in France when "Holocaust" was aired by national television during March. For the French, "Holocaust" carried a special meaning: the still unerased national shame of collaboration with the Nazis by quite a few of their fellow citizens. Yes, there were Frenchmen who helped to round up Jews and others for transport to the death camps. Thus the series shook up France. Front-page editorials were run in the newspapers, touching again on the mortifying question of the French guilt. The three-hour cinema documentary on collaboration, *The Sorrow and the Pity*, France's first dramatic self-indictment over the Vichy collaborationism, reappeared in movie houses. During the time "Holocaust" was shown, a Frenchman was indicted for the first time for "crimes against humanity" under a 1964 law. He is Jean Leguay, who served between 1942 and 1944 as the delegate of the French National Police General Secretariat in the occupied zone of France. In this capacity, he worked closely with the Gestapo and the SS, often in rooting out Jews for deportation to camps like Oświęcim. Specifically, Leguay was accused of organizing and supervising the huge round-up of Jews in Paris—12,884 of them—who were taken to the Winter Velodrome to be processed for shipment to death camps. The Parisian newspaper *France-Soir* noted in its headline that Leguay was indicted "34 years after the Liberation," raising the question of how and why he was able to escape prosecution for so long.

I was thinking of the miserable Leguay—and others like him—when my son and I visited Oświęcim on a raw early April afternoon. Still alive, Leguay is a link between the inhuman reality of the death camps and the red-brick barracks of Oświęcim, which, today, make one think more of a ghastly movie set than of the tragedies that took place there.

T. S.

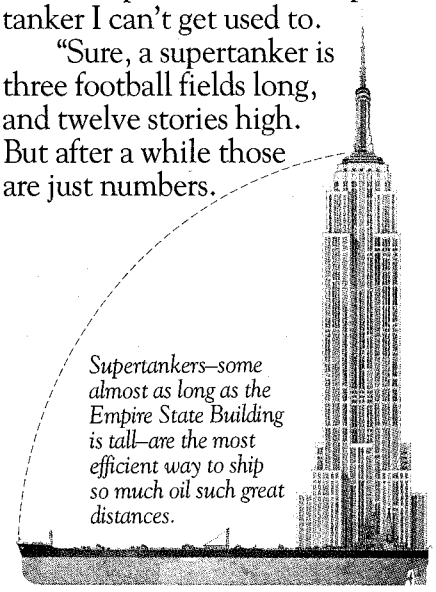
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's pretty spooky rowing around inside a supertanker in a rubber boat."



"That's me in the back of the rubber boat," says Chief Mate George McShea. "We're not rowing on oil, but on a saltwater lake in the belly of a supertanker. And it's one aspect of life on a supertanker I can't get used to.

"Sure, a supertanker is three football fields long, and twelve stories high. But after a while those are just numbers.



Supertankers–some almost as long as the Empire State Building is tall–are the most efficient way to ship so much oil such great distances.

"This tank inspection is something else. After the tanks are cleaned and the residual oil retrieved and stored, they're flooded with seawater, and inspection crews go inside, checking structural integrity.

"It's like a lake in a cave, but it's inside a ship at sea. It's a big job, and sometimes it gets pretty spooky. But it has to be done, to protect the ship, the oil and the ocean. Gulf tankers have a fine record; we do all we can to keep it that way.

"Supertankers are the most efficient way to move so much oil such distances. It's a real challenge working on them. But it's important work, and I think we do it well."

Gulf

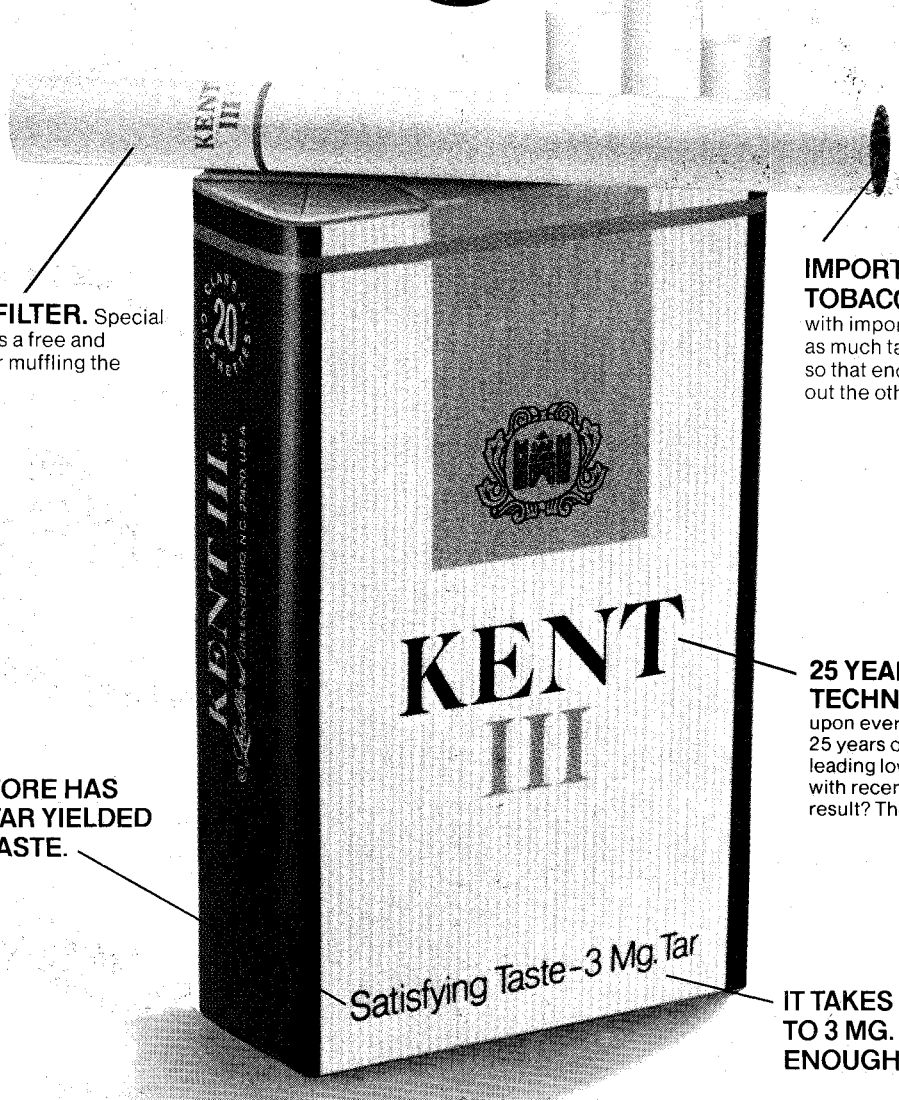
Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

Kent did it. Taste with only 3 mg. tar.



EASY-DRAW FILTER. Special double filter allows a free and easy draw... never muffling the good taste.

IMPORTED HIGH-TASTE TOBACCOS. A special blend with imported tobaccos packs as much taste as possible up front, so that enough good taste comes out the other end.

25 YEARS OF LOW TAR TECHNOLOGY. We called upon everything we've learned in 25 years of making America's leading low tars and put it all together with recent taste technology. The result? The lowest low tar with taste.

NEVER BEFORE HAS SO LITTLE TAR YIELDED SO MUCH TASTE.

IT TAKES YOU ALL THE WAY TO 3 MG. TAR, WITH TASTE ENOUGH TO STAY!

New Kent III

Satisfying taste. 3 mg. tar.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
MAY 10 1979

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED